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LETTERS

the good name of books

Minneapolis, Minn.

The debate on truth in book publishing [*The Nation,* June 3] raises serious questions. What disturbs me is the unwillingness of a number of commercial publishers to use expert advice regularly for manuscripts whose basic plausibility can be assessed by editors but whose use of sources, respect for canons of verification in the field in question, and possible redundancy in relation to someone else's work are harder to be sure about. . . . General readers depend on careful vetting at least as much as scholars, for they are much less able than a scholarly audience to detect weaknesses in a book . . . .

Anyone can cite an instance in which a great historic figure in science or philosophy met resistance among his or her peers initially—but that is scarcely a sufficient reason for abandoning peer review altogether. Abandonment involves an opposite and far greater risk, which is that any one manuscript will be as publishable as any other.

No university press I know of lets specialist readers *make* decisions about manuscripts. One of the tasks of an editor at a university press is to know how to reduce the risk of professional jealousy and backbiting (and of undue favoritism toward an author) through choosing advisers with a reputation for objectivity. . . . And it is common practice to secure more than one specialized opinion. . . .

There *are* works to be acquired that are accurate and will also sell well. The careers of some brilliant editors in both commercial and university publishing are ample indication of that pleasant fact. It would be sad if, in our generation, the reputation which books in general have for greater authenticity than most other media were to be eroded in a chase for profits.

John Ervin, Jr., Director
University of Minnesota Press

the Jarvis target

Dearborn, Mich.

The view of Peter Connolly ["The Voice of Raw Greed," *The Nation,* July 22-29] regarding the dangerous implications of Proposition 13 coincides with my conclusion exactly! Here in Michigan we will have two propositions on the ballot—the Tisch proposal, which is similar to Proposition 13, and a Tax Limitation, which freezes taxes at their present level and requires the people to vote on any increases. The latter is probably the more dangerous because it will undoubtedly win. . . .

The target of the Jarvis backers is really Washington and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Right-wing forces with Viguerie money are making an all-out effort to defeat our best Congressmen. If they succeed we are in for some very real threats to our form of government.

Elizabeth Weideman

no love for Zbigniew

Los Angeles, Calif.

It seems that Blair Clark, cartoonist Jim Berry of the *Los Angeles Times* and I are on related wave lengths. I liked Clark's editorial, ["The Expendable Zbigniew," *The Nation,* July 8-15].

Mr. Brzezinski comes of an aristocratic family that suffered by the changes in Eastern Europe earlier in the century. Kissinger presented options to Nixon; Z.B. gives Carter completed attitudes.

David Seidman

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

Variations CALVIN TRILLIN

All of the talk lately about the emergence of a New Right may make some people feel uneasy; it just makes me feel long in the tooth. I happen to be old enough to remember the emergence of the New Right that emerged before this one. It emerged in 1961, at a time in our history when Stash Radziwill was Billy Carter and Dwight D. Eisenhower had just finished being Gerald Ford. Its resubmergence, I think, can be dated fairly precisely at the national elections of 1964, when Barry Goldwater, who said in his campaign that the use of American combat troops in Vietnam might be a possibility worth considering, was defeated by Lyndon B. Johnson, the last successful Democratic peace candidate in Presidential politics. It was not just a New Right but a Short Right.

Its meetings, though, were long. Those who referred to it as the Right Wing Renaissance were not making a comment on its style. Robert Welch, of the John Birch Society—which surfaced from underground, as I remember my history, at almost the precise moment Arthur Schlesinger jr. surfaced from the depths of a Washington swimming pool, wearing a pale-blue dinner jacket—still holds the American record for uninterrupted monotone exposition. Billy James Hargis, it was said at the time, could bore the eyeballs right out of your head. The old New Right loved audio-visual aids; it loved verbatim quotations proving that international communism had discussed its plans for world conquest openly and at great length. The average public meeting of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade seemed to break up just twenty or thirty minutes short of eternity. Speaker after speaker would go on about Khrushchev having said "We will bury you," and, sure enough, a member of the audience could almost feel the earth closing in over him. For weeks after a reporter had covered a meeting of the New Right, he could be moved to palpable enthusiasm by being assigned a story on Title Two housing or farm price parity or the quarterly figures on gross national product.

It took me awhile to figure out why the New Right was so aggressively boring. The answer started to come to me during a century and a half I spent one day in 1961 at Harding College in Searcy, Ark., which produced a lot of the New Right's literature, as well as an array of audio-visual aids that included a plaster-of-Paris model of the American Way of Life. I had traveled to Searcy with a photographer from a Little Rock newspaper who imparted to me a description of objective journalism I still treasure: "Before I go out to take a picture of someone," he told me, "I just stop at the city desk and say, 'Do you want him gazing out toward the sunset or picking his nose?' " While we were listening to a remarkably detailed explanation of the plaster-of-Paris model of the American Way of Life, my thoughts turned to some way to explain just why the New Right was so mind-numbing—having wandered in that direction after some time trying to recall the members of my sixth-grade class row by row, and an attempt to repeat the Greek alphabet to myself backwards, and some rela-

(Continued on page 133)

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EDITORIALS

Freedom's Underpinnings

The forms and legalities that must support any system of freedom once again dominate our pages. Ramsey Clark's account of the Ali Bhutto trial in Pakistan, and of the political and strategic factors clouding the plain question of guilt or innocence, is a troubling one (p. 136), and we are left with doubts about the American involvement in a matter of life or death.

Closer to home, we can hail the indictment of seven men, three of them Chilean secret police operatives, in the murders of Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt in our own capital—but, as Professor Velasco makes clear in his analysis of the "amnesty" proclaimed in Chile (below), it is doubtful that the colleagues of the dictator Pinochet will ever be brought to justice. And it is astonishing that our government hailed this bit of legal legerdemain as a good thing.

Free speech, in its deeper dimensions, is the subject of Philip Green's retrospection on the unpleasantness in and around the Skokie affair and the rigorous moral that must be drawn from it (p. 146). His article was stimulated by Carl Cohen's original essays in these pages.

We note with dismay, in passing, that *The New York Times* buried deep in its pages the story that Alger Hiss, twenty-six years after his conviction for perjury, had gone to court asking that the verdict be set aside, his brief based on new evidence dredged from 60,000 documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. Two years ago the *Times* splashed on page one the tentative conclusions of the young historian Allen Weinstein that Hiss had told less than the truth.

Chile's Fake Amnesty

After a federal grand jury indicted seven persons, three of them officials of Chile's secret police, for the bombing murder in Washington of the exiled Orlando Letelier and his American assistant, Ronni Karpen Moffitt, in September 1976, the question became whether or not the Chileans could be extradited for trial. Chile's dictator, General Pinochet, has said that extradition would depend on proof of his colleagues' guilt, as judged in his courts. The editorial below is by a distinguished Chilean lawyer, Eugenio Velasco, now in exile in this country. It makes clear how the U.S. Government has misunderstood recent developments in Chile and how great the obstacles are to the extradition of the three Chileans and to their trial for murder either in the courts of the United States or of Chile.

The general amnesty decreed in April by the Chilean military government has been widely interpreted as a measure to pardon and release the regime's remaining political prisoners. Not so readily grasped in this country —in particular by the U.S. State Department, which applauded the junta action—is that the amnesty extends blanket immunity from prosecution to the agents of Gen. Augusto Pinochet's secret police (formerly known as DINA).

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DINA's role in the assassination in Washington of former Chilean Ambassador Orlando Letelier and his American colleague, Ronni Karpen Moffitt, has become clear from indictments returned recently by the Justice Department. There is also amply documented evidence from various international human rights organizations that DINA officials have murdered, tortured and kidnapped thousands of political dissenters.

The amnesty which, at first glance, appears to benefit those who have been imprisoned or exiled under the Pinochet dictatorship, turns out, on closer examination, to benefit chiefly their persecutors. It may also throw up legalistic roadblocks to the extradition of those indicted in the Letelier-Moffitt murders. And it is one more vicious and cynical turn of the knife for the families of the hundreds of prisoners who have disappeared without a trace into the maw of DINA.

The decree grants amnesty to "all those persons who committed criminal acts, as perpetrators, accomplices or accessories, during the period that the state of siege was in force, which was September 11, 1973, through March 9, 1978, *provided those persons are not presently on trial or have been sentenced.*" (Emphasis added.) But if sentencing was by military tribunals—the usual procedure for political prisoners during the state of siege—the amnesty also applies, the decree adds.

Just thirteen days before the amnesty was declared, General Pinochet pardoned 224 political prisoners and commuted sentences for expatriation for seventy-two more. He declared that these were the last political prisoners. For them, the only effect of the amnesty was to allow those marked for exile to remain in Chile. They are, therefore, the only politically persecuted Chileans who benefit from it. Thousands of others already in exile will receive little benefit. According to the decree, they must apply *individually* for permission to re-enter Chile, and the dictatorship has announced it will reject petitions from anyone who has publicly opposed the military regime while outside the country.

One key clause in the decree lists crimes not covered by the amnesty. What is left out of that list is revealing. The list of exceptions does *not* include homicide, corporal injuries, torture, simple robbery or theft, nor the kidnapping of adults. Thus, perpetrators, accomplices and accessories of *these* crimes benefit from the amnesty. For example, someone who has committed infanticide or kidnapping of minors (crimes listed in the amnesty as exceptions) does not receive the benefit of amnesty and is sentenced, while one who has committed murder, assault, torture or kidnapping of adults goes scot-free. If the perpetrator of homicide, corporal injuries, torture or kidnapping of adults was charged and is awaiting trial, amnesty is not extended to him and he is subject to punishment. If, however, his crime has not been recognized by the courts because he has not been formally accused, he benefits from the amnesty.

The chief beneficiaries of this curious amnesty—those Chileans who have committed crimes such as homicide, corporal injuries, torture and robbery after September 11, 1973, and have not yet been formally accused—are, only and exclusively, the agents of the DINA and its successor, the CNI. They have not been brought to trial up to now, of course, because the regime has protected them. The "general amnesty" provides for their continued protection should a change in the political situation permit judicial action against them.

A separate clause is designed to suggest that those involved in the assassination of Orlando Letelier and Ms. Moffitt are *not* covered by the amnesty. It specifies that amnesty benefits will not apply to "those who are found responsible, whether as perpetrators, accomplices or accessories, of acts being investigated in case Docket Number 192-78 of the Military Court of Santiago." The English version of the amnesty text distributed by the Chilean Embassy explained that this means that "the amnesty is not applicable to the Letelier case."

That is not true. In Chile, as of this writing, there is no trial pending in connection with the Letelier-Moffitt assassination. The case in question refers to the alleged forgery of official passports that were used by agents of the DINA, who went to Miami to arrange Letelier's murder with anti-Castro Cuban terrorists, but it does not refer to the crime of the assassination itself. Moreover, no forgery took place, since the passports were issued by authorized officials of the Department of Foreign Affairs, under orders from their superiors.

The grand jury has indicted General Contreras, the former head of DINA, Colonel Espinoza and Captain Fernández, three of the closest collaborators of General Pinochet in DINA, an agency under his exclusive control. Now the United States has to claim their extradition, and the decision on granting it will be up to the Chilean Supreme Court. According to the treaty of 1902 signed by Chile and the United States, extradition is not mandatory in this case since Article V provides that none of the parties shall be bound to deliver its own citizens. It is only a moral duty.

If granted, the extradition could be a very serious problem for Pinochet. The three indicted men will most likely admit that their action had Pinochet's approval, at least—hence, that he should also be indicted. Not to grant extradition will be much easier. The Supreme Court will have an excellent new argument. According to the treaty, as well as to juridical principle, the amnesty erases the existence of any such crime connected to the Letelier case. And in international law extradition requires a corresponding act to be considered a crime in both countries—on the part of the country that claims extradition and on the part of the country that concedes it.

If Pinochet remains politically strong, when the American claim is heard, the Supreme Court will follow his desires as it has in the past five years in all cases having political implications. The new president of the Supreme Court, Judge Borquez, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the dictator inside the Chilean judiciary. So the amnesty will be a great help to stop the American administration of justice.

Finally, as a result of the amnesty, the Chilean courts whose timid investigations of the fate of disappeared prisoners were the last hopes of hundreds of bereaved families are now closing these cases one by one. The reason is that, under the amnesty, kidnapping and illegal

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arrest, even if proved, are not crimes if committed after September 11, 1973.

This is the amnesty the State Department hailed as "a positive contribution to the improvement of the human rights situation in Chile." EUGENIO VELASCO

Professor Velasco was Dean of Chile's national law school for ten years, and in 1963-65 Chile's Ambassador to Algeria. Kidnapped and expelled from his country in 1976, he is now a visiting professor at UCLA.

Riders of Human Rights

President Carter's shifting stance on where and how we speak and act in such a way as to strengthen liberty around the world testifies to the difficulty of conducting a consistent human rights policy. But it is in Congress, where the money is appropriated for all our involvements in the world, benign and otherwise, that the confusion about how to apply our own claimed standards of virtue to the world outside is at its most contradictory.

The confusion over Carter's human rights policy results from a bureaucratic struggle over whether specific countries should be barred by Congress from receiving foreign aid because of ill-treatment of their citizens. The administration has certain rights, under the law, to withhold aid from countries which cannot be certified as meeting minimum "human rights" standards, but it has been reluctant to exercise them in the case of our "strategic" allies in the Third World. And so Congress has increasingly got into the act, with both Left and Right drawing up their own lists of countries that would be rewarded or punished by the granting or withholding of aid.

In the past Congress has passed specific sanctions against a number of mainly right-wing dictatorships. Chile, Uruguay, South Africa, Argentina and Ethiopia have been cited by Congress for human rights violations, and as a consequence they have had their foreign aid appropriations cut. In recent weeks, Congressional conservatives have launched their own gambit in human rights diplomacy by proposing amendments to the foreign assistance appropriations bill that would have cut U.S. grants to India—because that nation had dared to assist Communist Vietnam. Similarly, attempts were made and defeated to pass a rider which would have cut U.S. contributions to the U.N. Development Program because that international agency aids Vietnam, Cuba and Uganda. And by a 5-vote margin the House defeated an amendment that would have barred international financial institutions from using U.S. contributions in Vietnam, Laos, Uganda and Cambodia.

Some House liberals—notably Rep. Thomas Harkin, the leading advocate in Congress of human rights legislation—have weighed in with their own list of country restrictions. But Harkin's amendment to bar indirect assistance (through institutions like the World Bank) to Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, South Korea, Nicaragua, Indonesia and the Philippines went down to defeat by an even wider margin than did the right-wing riders. An amendment proposed by Sen. James Abourezk that would have attached a human rights rider to the IMF's new Witteveen Facility lost by a lopsided 62 to 27. And one amendment to bar aid to Iran's police had to be withdrawn, so unlikely were its chances of passage.

Altogether on the other hand, an amendment found its way into the foreign assistance authorization bill that imposes a flat ban on any aid to police forces in countries which the State Department finds to be consistent violators of human rights. Consistency within Congress, and as between Congress and the executive branch, is not the name of this game of human rights restrictions.

The trouble starts with the President and his obvious unwillingness to apply steadfastly the existing law covering aid and human rights violators. As long as excuses are found for the "strategic" violators—Iran and South Korea, to name only two—the way is opened for Congress to try to apply, in an inevitably contentious and disorderly way, a set of standards of its own invention. That will not work and we are left with a series of high-sounding policy statements that are seldom if ever implemented.

VARIATIONS *(Continued from page 130)*

tively interesting moments trying to recall the capitals of both North and South Dakota. "As boring as this can't be any accident," I suddenly said to myself. "As boring as this must be policy."

The New Right, I knew, prided itself on a scholarly knowledge of Communist ideology and tactics. Being scholars, they must have realized that compared to an exposition by the average Communist Party theoretician an exposition by Robert Welch might remind some people of after-dinner conversation by Noel Coward. It was known by then why Communists in the thirties had found it so easy to outlast everyone until they became a majority in any meeting they wanted to take over: no one else could bear to sit through their speeches. By the early sixties, even Americans who had not made a study of the Red Menace had been given the opportunity to see Soviet trade exhibitions and World's Fair pavilions—those endless explanations of hydroelectric plants in Yakutsk. It did not require Herbert Philbrick to detect the underlying policy: the Soviets were engaged in a conscious conspiracy to bore the world into submission. The New Right obviously figured it would fight fire with fire.

Times have changed. Khrushchev has himself been buried. The noted women's magazine journalist Lee Radziwill was suddenly replaced by the noted women's magazine journalist Linda Byrd Johnson, who was herself supplanted by Julie Nixon. Arthur Schlesinger jr. has sold the paperback rights to his swimming pool adventure and the incidents surrounding it. There is a new New Right. I intend to ignore it, on the off chance that its meetings have any similarity at all to the meetings of the old New Right. According to my calculations, another one ought to be along in 1994, and I might be ready to deal with it by then. Every other New Right is enough for anyone. □

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MULTINATIONALS AND DEMOCRATS

MILLER OF THE FED

THOMAS FERGUSON & JOEL ROGERS

In the months before President Carter chose Textron Chairman G. William Miller to head the Federal Reserve Board, the major media warned repeatedly that his decision on this chairmanship would be decisive for Carter's future relations with business. We were reminded that businessmen were already alarmed by the size of the federal deficit, the specter of a higher minimum wage, and rumored support within the Carter administration for wage-price controls. It was said that failure to reappoint Arthur Burns—the putative incarnation of fiscal responsibility and prudent deflationary sentiment—would awaken the business community's ancestral fear of Democratic Presidents, perhaps even trigger the dread "crisis of business confidence."

When Miller did appear as the nominee, most commentators stressed his unconventionality. Although some doubted that the institutional character of the Federal Reserve permitted major policy departures, Miller was widely billed as an outsider to international finance, an unknown whose eccentric Democratic Party affiliation marked him as a tractable monetary supervisor for Carter and a potential menace to business. His past advocacy of wage and selective credit controls and his commitment to fuller employment were recalled, often with misgivings.

Now in office only a few months, Miller has already tightened interest rates, vigorously defended the Fed's right to countervail Presidential policy, and denounced the few progressive planks in Carter's proposed tax reform. His behavior has generated an assortment of media responses, ranging from shock to ironic recognition, but it has yet to inspire a coherent answer to the basic question of what Miller's accession to the Federal Reserve actually signifies in American politics.

Miller is in reality neither an outsider nor a Burns clone but a species of political animal that defies conventional taxonomy: *Democraticus Multinationalis*, a big businessman whose natural, preferred instrument for advancing his interests is the Democratic Party. The process of natural selection that has produced mutations like Miller is an unusually complex one, but it can be understood in the context of a conflict now raging in the American business community.

The dynamics of the world economy and the changing balance of power between business and labor have opened a breach between the interests of the multinationals and big commercial banks on one side, and domestically centered corporations and regional finance on the other.

Corporations which produce and sell extensively abroad strongly promote free trade and direct foreign investment. These are industries such as international oil, automobiles, heavy electronics, computers, chemicals and the big commercial and investment banks that finance them. By contrast, protectionist-inclined, often declining sectors that cannot make it multinationally, such as steel, textiles, independent oil and most small enterprises, seek with increasing desperation to isolate themselves from the pressures of the world economy through tariffs, quotas and other restrictions on the free flow of goods and capital.

This division of interests within the business community largely defines American party politics. Since the 1964 Goldwater debacle, the Republican Party apparatus has been dominated by protectionists, while the Democratic Party has increasingly abandoned its traditional labor constituency and allied itself with corporate free traders. The most dramatic recent indication of realignment among party elites was so obvious that only the mass media could have failed to highlight it: the capture of the Presidency in 1976 by a member of the Trilateral Commission, sponsored and prominently financed by bipartisan bankers and born-again multinational Democrats.

Within this general context, Miller's appointment to head the Federal Reserve is exquisitely appropriate. Far from being a babe in the woods of multinational finance, he is well acquainted with the most important operatives in this world. Indeed, he is one of them, having served as director for a handful of uniquely important corporations. The structure of these affiliations illuminates his actual stature and the process of his appointment.

On Miller's own board of directors at Textron, for example, sits Heath Larry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Larry was privy to negotiations for a successor to Burns, strongly supported Miller and, once he got the job, extolled his "excellent" understanding of monetary policy.

Among his outside affiliations, Miller's relationship with Allied Chemical has been perhaps the most intimate. Until his appointment to the Fed, he was an Allied director and negotiated Textron's purchase of 10 percent of Allied's outstanding stock through the Belgian intermediary, Solvey et Cie. He is also a long-time associate and friend of Allied's chief executive officer and chairman, John Connor. Connor, for his part, has ties to the highest levels of the Democratic Party that stretch back to the Roosevelt era, when he was a protégé of Sidney Weinberg, the Goldman Sachs financier who was a leading fund raiser for FDR. Connor has served under three Democratic Presidents, including a term as Secretary of Commerce under Johnson. As the search for a new Fed chairman got underway, Carter consulted Connor, who recommended Miller.

Also on the Allied board are Richard Perkins, once a high official at Citibank and now a director of New Court Equity, a major American investment vehicle of the Rothschilds; Richard Shinn of the Chase-oriented Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and E. Burke Giblin, board chairman and chief executive officer of Warner-

Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers are members of the Politics Department, Princeton University.

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Lambert, an enterprise whose own board of directors includes Connor and Irving Kristol(!). *Washington Post* publisher Katharine Graham completes the list of Allied notables who were able to influence Miller's appointment and reception. Her father, Eugene Meyer, was chairman of the Federal Reserve Board in the 1930s. The Meyer family has held a major bloc of Allied stock and been represented on its board of directors for many years. The *Post* published the strongest editorial endorsement of the nominee of any of the leading news dailies, hailing the "success" of Carter's "political surgery" at the Fed barely a day after Miller's selection was announced.

Miller is also a director of Federated Department Stores, controlled by the politically potent Lazarus family out of Cincinnati. Ralph Lazarus, chairman of the board, holds a number of important outside directorships himself, including one at Chase. Other leading multinational figures on the Federated board include Peter Peterson of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb; J.P. Austin, close Carter associate and chairman of Coca-Cola; Howard Johnson, a director at Dupont and Morgan Guaranty and former president of M.I.T., and Walter Lingle, a high official and inside director at Proctor & Gamble.

Finally, Miller is an active member of the Business Roundtable, the exclusive lobbying arm of the 200 or so largest American corporations. The Roundtable is headed by Reginald Jones, chairman of G.E., head of the Business Council last year, and ghost author of the first draft of Carter's tax program; Irving Shapiro, chairman of E.I. du Pont de Nemours, and Thomas Murphy, chairman of General Motors. Jones and Shapiro, in particular, lobbied within the administration for Miller's appointment.

G. William Miller

Glittering connections like these are in sharp contrast to the corporate ties of Miller's predecessor. Arthur Burns had only two important business affiliations during the 1960s. One was with the arch-conservative Tax Foundation, where he served as trustee, along with such unrepresentative spokesmen as Raymond Moley and Sen. Harry Byrd, Jr. The other was his service as director, along with Richard Nixon and others, of Mutual Life Insurance Company. Once a Morgan-dominated, top-of-the-line corporation, Mutual has long since declined in relative size and stature. By the time Burns came on the board, its trustees were atypically conservative in comparison with those of other substantial insurance companies. (The rise and fall of Mutual Life is nicely documented in Philip Burch's forthcoming study of the business connections of major policy makers, *Elites in American History.*)

Burns's peculiar and limited corporate connections suggest a distance from the business mainstream that became explicit during his tenure as chairman of the Federal Reserve. His doctrinaire aversion to state intervention in the economy was not shared by most of the multinational constituency, whose Trilaterally inspired demands for a strong state herald the new age in political economy. His aggressive position on the oversight of loans by big U.S. banks to shaky Third World countries directly threatened the major recent source of big bank profits, and Fed rumblings about increased restraints on U.S. bank participation in the Eurodollar market only increased the alarm.

For all the ritual reassurances in the press of Arthur Burns's continued status as the reserve currency of American business, no chorus of highly placed business voices demanding his retention was to be heard in the months preceding his ouster. What endorsements he did collect were largely *pro forma,* often coming from prominently mentioned possible successors, such as Gabriel Hauge of Manufacturers Hanover.

Instead, at the September 1977 annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, "prominent bankers passed the word they no longer felt it essential to keep Burns in office" (*The Washington Post,* December 29, 1977), and the track was cleared for the appointment of a man sponsored by Larry, Connor, Jones and Shapiro, and agreeable to the figures at Chase, Citibank, Morgan Guaranty and the Bank of America. Former Bendix chairman and current Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal, still another multinational luminary and long-time Miller acquaintance, guided the selection process within the administration. David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Corporation, and Ellmore Patterson, chairman of Morgan Guaranty Trust, expressed full confidence in the new chairman the day his nomination was announced.

Scarcely any of Miller's actions since he assumed office suggest that the match between his policies and his primary constituency is other than perfect. The most commonly noticed departure of Miller's Fed from Burns's policies—a greater willingness to tolerate inflation in the

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interest of economic growth—is consistent with his multinational allegiance. While no U.S.-based corporation welcomes double-digit inflation, the diversified foreign investments of multinationals and their adroitness in shifting among currencies leaves them better able to cope with the declining value of the dollar.

By focusing on Miller's multinational orientation, moreover, one can forecast other probable policy directions as well. To take one example, Trilateralists like Richard Cooper, now Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, have criticized the traditionally episodic, disruptive way in which exchange rates are adjusted, and have argued for regular incremental adjustments negotiated openly with Western Europe and Japan. Miller can be expected to take the Trilateral line, preferring a "crawling peg" of easily adjustable exchange rates over the "dirty float" approach endorsed by Burns, which paid lip service to the free play of market forces while using concerted central bank behavior to prop up declining currencies, on an ad hoc basis.

Miller will also assume a more liberal position on U.S. bank loans to Third World countries. Burns's publicly voiced anxiety about such ventures will find little echo in the new chairman's speeches. Less emphasis will be placed on the volume of such loans, while more attention will be paid to guaranteeing their repayment. Third World exports to the United States, which those countries need to generate loan repayment revenues, will be protected, despite the threat this poses to declining sectors of U.S. manufacturing. Regional organization of Third World countries will probably also be encouraged, for the dual purpose of spreading the risk of default by a single country and organizing the creditors into their own collection agency.

Finally, Miller will promote further centralization of the U.S. banking system. This will assume at least two forms. One will be the circumspect extension of the authority of the Fed's board of governors over the regional reserve banks. Miller's new proposal to increase the number of "public" members on the boards of regional banks is a step in this direction, since the regional "public" directors are appointed by the board in Washington.

The other centralizing move will consist of various programs to increase bank competition. Miller came to the Federal Reserve after a long stint as a director of the Reserve Bank of Boston, the bank that promoted so-called "NOW Accounts" (Negotiable Orders of Withdrawal) for commercial banks in New England. NOW accounting permits commercial banks to pay interest on checking accounts, thus removing a principal comparative advantage of their competition in the savings banks. Since arriving in Washington, Miller has urged Congressional leaders to proceed with NOW account legislation on a national scale, and has already marshaled a Fed vote to permit member banks to make automatic transfers from savings accounts into overdrawn checking accounts, a move that particularly outraged the Savings and Loan interests. He can be expected as well to endorse Carter's upcoming bank reform bill, whose major thrust, should it survive intense locally based Congressional opposition, will be to put small-town banks in more direct competition with such giants of the industry as Citicorp and Chase. The result is predictable: the liquidation through merger and outright bankruptcy of large numbers of small banks.

With its emphasis on increased "public" representation and enhanced "competition," Miller's political formula for governing the Fed is certain to be irresistibly alluring in the short run. Yet here, as elsewhere in the Carter administration, the inner motion of events belies their outer gloss. Behind the propaganda is the program: the centralized banking will prove to be a correlate of the centralized Trilateral state. □

THE TRIAL OF ALI BHUTTO

AND THE FUTURE OF PAKISTAN

RAMSEY CLARK

Ramsey Clark, Attorney General of the United States from 1967 to 1969, recently returned from Pakistan where he went as a private citizen to observe the legal proceedings in the case involving the former President, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, now under sentence of death for murder. He was present for the opening arguments in Pakistan's Supreme Court in Bhutto's appeal and while he was there he met with General Zia ul-Haq, leader of the coup that ousted Bhutto in 1977, with Law Minister A. K. Brohi and with other government officials. He also conferred with lawyers, judges, labor leaders, politicians and students and met with the U.S. Ambassador and his senior political adviser.

Rarely has a criminal proceeding held such potential to alter history as does the trial of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Its impact can reach beyond the fate of a man and the unity of a nation to affect fundamentally economic, political and military power worldwide. The Supreme Court of Pakistan is now considering an appeal from his conviction for murder and the sentence of death. Its decision is expected in the very near future. Executions are carried out immediately following final judgment in Pakistan.

The idea of Pakistan, nurtured by a poet, Allama Iqbal, and consummated by a statesman, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, was fragile from conception. To bind a political union of widely differing, proud and often warring people by a single tie, the religion of Islam, was a unique experiment. The dream of Pan Islam fitted neatly with desires of the Islamic populations of British India to be independent of the majority Hindu popula-

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tion when "freedom came at midnight" to the subcontinent of Asia. The result was a new nation of East and West Pakistan divided by 1,000 miles of land mass.

The West contained four distinct regions with diverse and sometimes hostile populations: the dominant Punjab, the North West Frontier Province, the Sind and Baluchistan. The traumatic separation from India in 1947 split both Punjab in the west and Bengal in the east between India and Pakistan, resulting in waves of migrating millions and recurring massacres. Pakistan, containing the poorest areas of the former colony, was cut off from markets, industry and the continuity of government administration, all primarily located in India.

Movements for political separation were powerful forces throughout the new nation from its birth. A bloody civil war began in East Pakistan in March 1971. Four months after the India-USSR treaty of August 1971, India invaded East Pakistan and in two weeks crushed West Pakistan forces, ending the war. East Pakistan seceded and became Bangladesh. It contained the majority of the population of the former nation and an even greater majority of its poverty and problems. Henry Kissinger's "tilt" to Pakistan at that time probably deterred India from invading and partitioning the West.

Separatist movements were not limited to tensions between East and West. Within the West there were, among others, a Baluchistan Liberation Movement sometimes based in Iraq and a Pakhtoonistan movement involving both Baluchistan and the North West Frontier—giving rise to the possibility of a new nation in the event of the breakup of Pakistan, a nation that would include Afghanistan and most of Pakistan west of the Indus, excluding the Sind and Punjab, forming a corridor hundreds of miles wide from the Soviet Union to the Arabian Sea. The movements have involved guerrilla warfare countered by martial law and military casualties that may exceed those of the war in the East.

Bhutto came from a wealthy land-owning family in the very poor Sind. Graduated from the University of California at Berkeley and with a law degree from Oxford, he was Minister of Commerce for Pakistan at 30 and Foreign Minister when 33. He resigned as Foreign Minister in protest against military government policies in 1966, having established good relations for his country with China. He was imprisoned briefly in 1968 by President Ayub Khan for criticizing the government.

Founding the grass-roots Pakistan Peoples Party, Bhutto became the dominant political figure in the West by 1970. After the war in which East Pakistan was lost, he became President in 1972 (the first civilian chief of state in more than twenty years) and then in 1973, the first elected Prime Minister. Presenting himself as a democrat, a Socialist, a Populist and reformer, he initiated programs for land reform, economic development, social services, family planning, a strong Pakistan Peoples Party, internal security, Moslem leadership and international prominence based on nonalignment.

It is conceded by friend and foe alike that Bhutto is keenly intelligent, popular and charismatic. On the international scene he was called on to mediate in Cyprus, Korea and elsewhere. He assisted in preliminary contacts that led to President Nixon's visit to China. He negotiated difficult prisoner exchanges with India and Bangladesh, restored relations with Bangladesh, and eased tensions with India.

The United States expressed its strong disapproval of his role in calling for a Third World Summit, fearing concerted action by poor countries. President Carter urged Bhutto to abandon plans for a nuclear reprocessing plant France agreed to build in Pakistan. (India has had the bomb since 1974.)

Within the nation, he helped bring about the adoption of a new written Constitution in 1973 which some saw as a foundation for democratic government protecting human rights and securing economic justice. Economic policies stimulated growth despite difficult international problems including rising energy costs. Agriculture, health, education and housing were major concerns for his government and some progress was made.

But his years in power were in most ways the worst of times. He assumed office in the aftermaths of a humiliating military defeat, the severing of the nation, loss of most of its population to Bangladesh and the psychological and physical impairment of the dominant power in the society—the Army. Floods (including those of 1973 which were called the worst natural disaster in the area's history), earthquakes and other calamities befell the people during those years.

And above all there was the random violence, gunrunning, guerrilla skirmishing, constant tension and high risk of revolution or invasion caused by political, tribal, cultural and international ambitions for power and dominance in surviving Pakistan and its very different parts. The Shah of Iran strongly supported Bhutto's efforts to contain the separatist movements. The Shah has no interest in seeing another state arise capable of dominating the strategic Persian Gulf, particularly a Baluch state that could lay claim to the loyalty of Iran's own sizable Baluch population. (Within Iran live one-third of the Baluch people.) World powers, principally the United States, the USSR and China are also keenly interested in Pakistan.

Growing instability was addressed with tough military and police measures. While parliamentary government endured, there were political arrests and detentions numbering in the thousands, martial law for whole cities and provinces at times, and a growing Federal Security Force not greatly concerned for life and liberty. Amnesty International, among others, protested human rights violations in a well-documented 1976 report.

The first six months of 1977 were difficult. Bhutto's popular appeal seemed to slip badly with the turbulence and the harsh government reaction to it. He called elections which were held in March and the surprisingly strong showing of his party brought immediate outcries of vote fraud by other parties. Hundreds of protests and demonstrations, including some by women and children, led to violence and deaths and brief periods of martial law in major cities. Conditions were reminiscent of

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Chile before the *golpe* in 1973. Though most observers concede Bhutto candidates actually received a clear majority, probably 60 percent of the votes, a settlement among the parties that might have restored relative calm had not been reached by July, and new elections were planned for October.

On July 5, 1977 there was a bloodless military coup. General Zia ul-Haq, who had attended advanced command courses in the United States and the United Kingdom between 1972 and 1975, assumed government power as Chief Martial Law Administrator. The stated purpose was to stop the "drift toward political chaos." But drastic police measures were taken which created doubt as to General Zia's purpose. Severe penalties were immediately promulgated by fiat. Martial Law Order 12 provided for preventive detention and it was used liberally. Martial Law Regulation 11 of July 5 declared simply: "No one shall, either directly or indirectly, participate in any political activity. Maximum punishment 5 years Rigorous Imprisonment, fine and/or whipping not exceeding 10 stripes." Martial Law Regulation 13 provided the same punishment for any form of communication critical of the Armed Forces or "calculated to create alarm or despondency amongst the public."

Public executions and floggings were authorized and carried out. The amputation of a hand was made legal punishment. General Zia says, "it is the humiliative rather than the punitive aspect of flogging which is important." He tells one that the death penalty and life imprisonment were not deterrents to criminal conduct but the threat of flogging was. His new Law Minister A. K. Brohi says floggings are necessary to control the people and asks what do you do with a "mad dog." He defends stoning women to death for adultery and is the principal government spokesman justifying these cruel, inhuman and degrading punishments as being ordained by the law of Islam.

Bhutto was arrested on the night of the coup and held for several weeks. Most of the high officials in his administration have been confined. Leaders of the Pakistan Peoples Party were also arrested. Many are still in prison, joined this year by leaders of other parties. Bhutto, released to campaign for the October elections, was greeted by enormous crowds. In early September he was arrested and charged with ordering the murder of a minor political figure in November 1974. General Zia publicly spoke of documentary evidence establishing Bhutto's guilt. Released on *habeas corpus* by a court, he was promptly rearrested under both military and civil process and has been detained virtually incommunicado since September 17, 1977.

While he was originally to be tried by a military court, it was decided he should be tried before five members of the High Court in Lahore. The two justices who had granted his writ of *habeas corpus* were excluded. The presiding judge was acting Chief Justice by appointment of General Zia; he was also an old enemy who had heard Bhutto's case when he was arrested in 1968. He should have been disqualified.

The murder charge, if believed, takes the case out of politics. Officials in the Zia government assure you this is a routine murder case. (Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines, a master at authoritarian deceit, has used an ordinary murder charge to convict and condemn Benigno Aquino, a major political opponent, to death.)

This murder charge, while the most serious that can be made, was not taken seriously at first. The allegations themselves are so inherently improbable. The murder rate in Pakistan is high enough to make Houston seem peaceful. This assault was said to have been an attempt to kill a man named Ahmad Raza Kasuri, a dissident in the Pakistan Peoples Party. On June 3, 1974 Bhutto had become irritated with Mr. Kasuri on the floor of Parliament and expressed his feelings sharply, but not threateningly. This incident is the prosecution's case for a motive. Others had spoken far more sharply, even threateningly, including Kasuri himself who said of another group, "Time had come for their being killed."

Kasuri's father was apparently killed by automatic gunfire which hit a moving car occupied, according to the evidence by Kasuri, his father, mother and an aunt, near Lahore shortly after midnight on November 11, 1974. Kasuri, who had no way of knowing who fired, or ordered the shooting, immediately blamed Bhutto and used the charge politically. In 1972 he had claimed nine attempts had been made on his life for which he had blamed another politician. He claimed three attempts were made on his life in 1974. An investigation of the death of Kasuri's father was closed in 1975 without charges being brought. From 1975 through June 1977 Kasuri sought through intermediaries to establish friendly relations with Bhutto, obtained a meeting with the Prime Minister and returned to the party.

Shortly after the coup, two members of the Federal Security Force were arrested, questioned and confessed to the shooting. Masood Mahmud, Director General of the FSF, was taken into protective custody on July 5, 1977, and on August 14 wrote General Zia making "a clean breast of the misdeeds of the Federal Security Force under the orders of Bhutto." He later confessed to ordering the assault on instructions from Bhutto. His testimony is the only evidence directly linking the Prime Minister to the murder. It is more than suspect. He says Bhutto threatened him and made him personally responsible for "taking care" of Kasuri, commanding him to instruct a subordinate, Mian Muhammed Abbas, to "produce the dead body of Ahmad Raza Kasuri or his body bandaged all over." The body was never produced, of course. Abbas confessed, and then retracted, then on July 10, 1978 his lawyer again filed a confession before the Supreme Court.

The trial was not fair. The acting Chief Justice's conduct would make Judge Julius Hoffman in the Chicago 7 trial a model of decorum. He publicly commented on Bhutto's "guilt" outside the courtroom before conviction. His prejudice is spread through his 145-page decision. Even there he could not restrain himself from characterizing Bhutto, who did not present a defense, as a "compulsive liar," "unruly," "hurling threats as well as insults on us."

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As one illustration, before the defense abandoned the case, Bhutto's lawyers had cross-examined Masood Mahmud, the prosecution's second witness. He was asked whether he had caused police to hold a Mrs. Ibrat while "rats were let loose in her *shalwar* and its ends tied." The purpose obviously was to examine the credibility and character of the witness. The acting Chief Justice, in referring to this cross-examination, wrote: "It appears that these questions were put to prove that P.W. 2 (Mahmud) was well-qualified from the point of view of the principal accused (Bhutto) to be appointed as Director General of the Federal Security Force."

The evidence presented against Bhutto, even if believed, would not support a verdict of guilt. The prosecution case was based entirely on several witnesses who were detained until they confessed, who changed and expanded their confessions and testimony with each reiteration, who contradicted themselves and each other, who, except for Masood Mahmud, were relating what others said, whose testimony led to four different theories of what happened, who were contradicted by ballistics and other physical evidence and who were absolutely uncorroborated by an eyewitness, direct evidence, or physical evidence. There were records showing that one of the FSF officers who allegedly fired the shots was in Karachi at the time, but no defense evidence was presented on this. Each of these witnesses had an urgent motive to inculpate the Prime Minister, each alleged that he resisted and protested but was forced by threat and command to participate in the shooting. That Kasuri remained alive in spite of the alleged fury of the Prime Minister did not seem to affect belief that his murder was ordered. Kasuri himself was shown to be a highly erratic, untruthful and opportunistic politician of no standing who sought favor from Bhutto until his overthrow.

Critical stages of the trial were conducted in camera. Comments and rulings by the court and conflicts between counsel and the court caused Bhutto to discharge his attorneys and boycott the trial before the prosecution completed its case. The remaining prosecution witnesses were not cross-examined, no defense case was presented and Mr. Bhutto was unrepresented during the concluding, critical phases of the trial.

All five defendants—Bhutto, the two FSF officers who allegedly fired the shots and their two superiors who were charged with participating in carrying out the order allegedly communicated by Masood Mahmud—were sentenced to hang, Mahmud, who alone testified that Bhutto ordered the acts, was pardoned. Efforts of the other four defendants to involve Bhutto and justify their conduct did not save them, at least not yet.

The decision of the High Court is full of errors of fact and law. Its characterizations of evidence show its bias. There was no objective effort to determine fact.

The case is now on appeal in the Supreme Court of Pakistan at Rawalpindi. There from Saturday through Wednesday each week, the nine justices engage in a meticulous review of the trial record. They are impressive men, learned in the law and skillful in their examination of the trial transcript, counsel and each other. The Chief Justice Anwar ul-Haq questions most frequently, but all participate in a lively manner.

The Court has maintained some judicial power. In an important decision in Bhutto's wife Nusrat's application for a writ of *habeas corpus,* the Court boldly declared that precedents suspending judicial power under similar circumstances through the law or necessity were in error. But no writ was issued and Mrs. Bhutto remains incommunicado in custody, though not charged with any crime.

The Supreme Court of Pakistan is not in an easy position. The Chief Justice was selected by General Zia who had removed his predecessor. Four of his associates were appointed by General Zia. Everyone is looking for political motivation. Each justice has the rule of law in Pakistan, his professional reputation, his personal future, perhaps his own freedom and life before him in this case. The decision will be historic. It is due within weeks now.

We shall see whether the world sits quietly by and watches if Ali Bhutto is executed. Just 51 years old, he moved impressively on the international stage for nearly two decades. Many viewed him as a "scholar statesman," a phrase used by Kasuri in 1976. Political vengeance can be dressed up as a pure criminal trial. Such a method defames former leaders and dissipates support for them. It is not a happy or humane precedent. Even a commutation of the death sentence by the Supreme Court or by General Zia will only diminish the personal tragedy and perhaps temper political significance of this method of destroying democratic institutions.

For Pakistan and Islam, the execution of Bhutto would have devastating effects. If an election were held today, most concede that Bhutto would win overwhelmingly. He is the one leader with broadly based popular support in Pakistan. His prosecution and his mistreatment in prison, where no foreign observer has been permitted to see him or examine conditions of his confinement, have created new and greater public sympathy for him. Even some soldiers have openly expressed their view that the charges were fabricated.

Martial law does not sit easy on the people. Public lashings of members of the press (more than eighty have been arrested) and of many poor people has caused a bad reaction, so that General Zia was quick to observe in mid-July that there had been no lashings for four months. Still, even government-controlled daily papers report sentences of imprisonment and lashing by military courts presided over by a major or a colonel. The Law Minister, who believes in the law of the lash and says both Islam and the people demand it, doesn't seem to hear even supporters of General Zia say that the floggings, executions and threatened amputations are causing greater unrest and alienation. Both at home and abroad the Draconian punishments have greatly damaged the nation and its religion.

The execution of Bhutto would be extremely destabilizing. Rioting, even civil war, is a possibility. The military is not of a single mind. Eighty percent of the soldiers are from Punjab, which creates hostility in Sind, Baluchistan and the North West Frontier. A foreign power with a suitcase full of money might easily establish another General.

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Poor Pakistan with its staggering human problems, hunger, violence, illiteracy, illness, population growth, underdeveloped economy, fragile confederation of dissimilar and warring people needs help. A haunting part of the planet running from the Arabian Sea coast to Nanga Parbat in the Himalayas, most of its more than 70 million people live in staggering want.

But foreign interest in Pakistan may prove its greatest problem and peril. It is the wrong country, in the wrong place, at the wrong time. And it will not be left alone.

To Afghanistan it is tempting because it contains many people of common tribe and culture in the Frontier and Baluchistan. It also offers access to the sea, the chance to realize a greater Afghanistan and a vast increase in power. To Iran it presents a threat on a long border with a large common population of Baluchs and the threat of encirclement by hostile forces from the Arabian Sea to the Turkish border, along with the possibility of strategic domination by the USSR of the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea, the Middle East. To India the prospect of the disintegration of Pakistan offers the chance to consolidate Punjab, to return to British India's borders geographically, along with the elimination of an enemy, control over a wide buffer to the Soviet Union. These are historical and regional concerns.

To China, the Soviet Union and the United States, Pakistan is of the greatest strategic importance. From the days of the wars with the Ottoman Empire, Czarist Russia sought warm-water ports. Pakistan has hundreds of coastal miles on the Arabian Sea, dominating, with Oman, the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Control of Pakistan would directly increase Soviet power over Middle East oil, magnify its influence with India, give it access to the Indian Ocean and to East Africa and greatly contribute to the encirclement of China. With the new, stronger Soviet influence in Afghanistan, destablization in Pakistan holds enormous meaning.

China, with a common border and open highway from Sinkiang to Karachi, may see Pakistan as a key to containing Soviet influence and holding a protected position throughout the subcontinent and Southeast Asia. With Pakistan controlled by the Soviets, China would be cut off on the west, and India, Burma and Thailand would be more vulnerable to influence by the USSR.

The United States may see in the balance the Middle East and its vast oil reserves, along with greatly altered influence in southern Asia and eastern Africa. People in Pakistan speak of CIA activity in establishing Zia. They name names. It is believable to many. After all, is not Iran—"we helped restore the Shah to his throne," William Colby says—the CIA's proudest achievement?

Whatever the cause, the United States is again in the position of supporting a military dictatorship, harsher in its public pronouncements than any, even claiming religious authority for its harsh rule.

General Zia may have greater difficulty maintaining himself in power than Marcos or Generals Pinochet or Park or the neighboring Shah. He is unknown. He is inexperienced. He has not been judged effective by international observers. He presides over historic dissension and contemporary turbulence. He rules by the threat of the lash with absolute authority. He postpones elections.

And he may execute Ali Bhutto.

The role of the United States should be clear by now. We cannot live other nations' lives for them. We can only live by our own principles and believe that right may make might.

We should stand for life and implore with all our moral suasion a commutation of the death sentence. We should stand for justice and urge freedom, or—if the facts warrant prosecution, which I have not seen—a new and fair trial for Ali Bhutto. We should stand for democracy and urge popular elections in Pakistan at the earliest date by which all parties and candidates can be fairly presented and voting honestly monitored. We should urge an immediate end to martial law and cruel, inhuman and degrading punishments. We should stand for humanity and send massive economic aid, assuring delivery to those in greatest need—offering food, independence in food production, health care, education, an expanding, independent economy, decent housing and human dignity for all the people of Pakistan. It is to these issues that our imagination, energy and foreign policy should be addressed. □

WHAT DEGREE OF COLD WAR?

CHARLES LIPSON

Are we heading back into the cold war? It is easy to say so, for the parallels are obvious—so obvious that they draw attention from the differences. After a decade of impressive summits and strategic arms treaties, superpower diplomacy now appears to be sinking into public name-calling. Each day's news seems to carry a new thrust or riposte, more evidence that détente is crumbling fast. It's the cover story in *Time* and *Newsweek*, the stuff that sells the *Chicago Tribune*. The suppression of Soviet dissent, especially among Jews, has received especially thorough coverage. But the punitive trials and harsh sentences for Anatoli Shcharansky and Aleksandr Ginzburg are only the latest stage in deteriorating East-West relations. They come on top of growing unrest over the SALT negotiations and the Cubans' role in Africa.

The immediate effect has been to heighten the rhetoric and reduce the chances for increased trade or strategic arms limitation. American Senators seem to be competing with one another to see who can utter the fiercest condemnation of the Soviets. The winner, and still

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champion, is Patrick Moynihan. Referring to Secretary of State Vance's meeting with Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko, Moynihan told reporters that "to send Vance to Geneva is to participate in the butchery now going on in the Soviet Union."

Talk like that, so reminiscent of the cold war, may kill the SALT treaty now being negotiated; it has already postponed it. Despite administration denials, the U.S. position appears to be hardening. And even if agreement can be reached, which is now doubtful, it's too hot an issue to put before the Senate in an election year. It may prove too hot to ratify even in a nonelection year.

The deepening conflict, which now centers on human rights and nuclear arms, is bound to spill over into all aspects of U.S. foreign policy, as it did under Acheson and Dulles. In fact, one already finds more and more U.S. policies couched as responses to Soviet incursions. The same anti-Soviet rationale has been used to defend aid to Zaire, aircraft sales to Saudi Arabia, food aid to Laos, and revitalized military ties with Turkey. In each case, U.S. policy has been urged primarily as a reaction to Soviet militarism. In short, the Soviet threat is reappearing as the basis for U.S. global policy—the vortex into which so many disparate events are swept.

To those who fought the cold war, or were its casualties, the recent debates have a familiar ring. When, where and how should we intervene in regional conflicts? What kind of nuclear arsenal is adequate? And, more ominously, how can a democracy overcome its "inherent weaknesses" when engaged in deadly battle with a dictatorship? (This last question, with its sinister implications for civil liberties and political participation, figures prominently in Zbigniew Brzezinski's early work on comparative politics.) These questions from the 1950s are once again at the heart of U.S. foreign policy, and from them it is easy to draw the cold-war analogy. But the similarities, though apparent, obscure some crucial features of contemporary world politics. Two departures from the earlier era are especially important. First, as Brezhnev accurately observed, the United States is trying to "play the Chinese card," which it never did during the cold war; second, even if the conflict with the Soviet Union gets worse, it will have little effect on America's economic relations with its major trading partners.

The key considerations in our strategic dealings with the Soviets are the deployment of nuclear weaponry, the size and shape of NATO forces, and political relations with allied nations. Debate over these issues differs, subtly but substantially, from that of the cold-war years. To begin with, administration spokesmen today concentrate directly on the Russians' intentions and their vastly increased capabilities; there is little stress on anti-communism. The de-emphasis of ideology is closely related to the care with which the administration tries to differentiate among Communist states. The key, naturally, is China. Brzezinski's recent trip and the administration's later memorandum (outlining parallel U.S. and Chinese strategic interests) show that the Carter administration is continuing Kissinger's China policy. It intends to exploit the Sino-Soviet dispute, perhaps even more vigorously than Kissinger did. The administration's obvious aim is to edge toward a tactical alliance with China, confronting the Soviets on two fronts and multiplying their strategic problems.

Valtman

That policy has not yet come under direct attack at home, but it does risk challenges, especially if the United States backs away from its military commitments to Taiwan. Those who favor a more aggressive policy in the Pacific rim—supporting Taiwan, leaving troops in South Korea—will try to link the struggle with the Soviets to their own regional aims. That is, they will try to shift the ideological battle from "anti-Soviet" to "anti-Communist." Moreover, if the conflict with the Soviets continues to grow, the question of human rights will be more and more associated with violations by Communist regimes, as it was during the cold war. That, too, could obstruct a realistic China policy.

While that policy is plausible, even obvious, it could be undermined by its own moralism. After all, a limited alignment with China made strategic sense long before Nixon flew to Peking, yet it was blocked for more than a decade by the ideology of expansive anti-communism and the domestic constituency it attracted.

So far Brzezinski and Vance have steered clear of these problems. By concentrating their attacks on the Soviet Union instead of on global communism, they have remained free to play China off against its larger rival. But an escalating struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union, if accompanied by careless and inflated rhetoric, could obscure the distinctions among Communist states and trump the China card.

The language of a moral crusade could prove troublesome in another way: it could make it difficult to intervene *selectively* against the Soviet Union in Africa, Asia and Latin America. The problem is suggested by a metaphor commonly used in debates over U.S. military policy in the Third World. The USSR, it is said, is like a thief prowling hotel corridors. He won't pick locks or kick down doors, but he'll jiggle every handle. This banal imagery, like the traditional language of containment, defines an expansive task for U.S. foreign policy. The United States must be ready, always and everywhere, to

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repel Soviet probes. Any less aggressive posture would appease Soviet opportunism.

While policies are not based on metaphors, this one does convey the policy makers' understanding of their Soviet adversary. It says even more about the administration's emerging definition of its own central task: to contain expansion by an opponent who is unrestrained by internal checks. Unfortunately, the same language of containment also suggests a recurrent problem in American foreign policy: an automatic reaction that collects endless obligations. This kind of response offers no criteria for discriminating among the strategic burdens; in fact, it tends to level crucial distinctions.

For the moment these tendencies can be discussed in the future tense, but they point to the administration's likely difficulty in promoting its Soviet policy. It seeks, on the one hand, to develop a broad constituency willing to pay for increased defense efforts. Indeed, bigger military budgets are almost certain—perhaps 5 to 10 percent larger in real terms—and they won't be hard to get in the current atmosphere. But that same atmosphere can reduce the administration's flexibility in other contexts. It already threatens to do so in the SALT talks. The Carter administration, like its predecessors, will fight to preserve its discretion. It does not want the public (or its right-wing political representatives) aroused to such a fury against the Soviets that its own policy choices are limited.

The administration's pronouncements reflect these dual concerns. Unlike the diatribes of the Dulles era, today's rhetoric centers on Soviet militarism without special attention to Soviet ideology. But it is doubtful that Carter can develop the required support for more substantial military undertakings while still discriminating between Communist allies and opponents, between areas of strategic value and trivial engagements.

These difficulties are just beginning to rise, but already the White House finds itself ill-placed to defend a second SALT agreement. Its own tough talk about Cuban-trained guerrillas will be turned against the prospective arms treaty. Senate opponents have already served notice that fundamental strategic issues cannot be untangled from Soviet-sponsored fighting in Africa or the persecution of its dissidents at home.

Administration officials, for their part, have strained to separate the various threads of U.S.-Soviet relations, steadfastly resisting attempts to link strategic arms to human rights, African warfare or East-West trade. But the administration may not be able to resist much longer. In the wake of the recent political trials and the harassment of U.S. journalists, several Congressmen are pushing to block sales of oil-drilling equipment and sophisticated computers to the Soviet Union. If there is renewed fighting in Zaire or the Horn, or still more trials, this new linkage politics may extend across the whole range of U.S.-Soviet relations.

Yet as linkages proliferate *within* U.S.-Soviet relations, some equally important linkages have disappeared. Most significantly, superpower diplomacy has become increasingly isolated from the economic relations among Western allies. The most pressing international economic problems—protectionism and erratic exchange rates—are far removed from the superpower rivalry. This segregation of military and economic issues differs dramatically from the situation in the late 1940s, when the Soviet military threat served to reintegrate the world economy.

Anti-communism was a central feature of European economic reconstruction, and vital to developing U.S. support for expansive foreign economic policies. Those policies, which created a relatively open, liberal order for trade and investment, may have advanced the country's long-run economic interests, but they required short-term sacrifices. Foreign aid, lower U.S. tariffs, European discrimination against the dollar—each of these entailed immediate costs to the United States.

The price for global leadership was paid only grudgingly. The Marshall Plan, for instance, barely passed Congress. And the International Trade Organization, the more elaborate forerunner of the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade), had to be withdrawn for lack of U.S. support. Despite these setbacks, the United States did manage a comprehensive program of reconstruction, one that attached Western Europe and the Pacific basin to a liberal economic order. That economic integration, one of the fundamental achievements of American foreign policy, was accomplished under a cold-war rubric, the professed goal being to provide an economic counterweight to Communist expansion. As late as the Kennedy years, trade and aid were wrapped in that same language.

Today such language is meaningless. It can neither guide policy makers nor justify official decisions. Consider a short list of critical economic issues: energy costs, trade with Europe and Japan, the role of the dollar, debt burdens among underdeveloped countries. Each touches the bipolar conflict obliquely, but only one—debt burdens—is likely to be affected by a growing U.S.-Soviet antagonism. The question of OPEC pricing does involve some bargaining over military sales, especially to Iran and Saudi Arabia, and those sales are tied to larger strategic concerns. But such considerations hardly touch the central facts of cartel pricing. The Soviet threat cannot break the cartel, nor can it forge a union of oil consumers. At most, the specter of increasing Soviet power might be invoked to curb marginal price rises.

If U.S.-Soviet relations have little bearing on energy politics, they have even less on trilateral economic relations. The crisis of the dollar, the tide of Sonys, and unemployment in the Mahoning Valley are all far removed from the strategic conflict, and in recent years few prognosticators have even tried to draw the connection. It is possible, of course, for the United States to demand economic concessions from its allies in return for military protection. Such demands are not unknown, but they are rare. Success is rarer still, one reason being that it is extremely difficult to negotiate complex agreements involving the finance and defense ministries of several nations.

Among important economic issues, then, only one seems likely to be touched by the new superpower conflict. Third World debts might be significantly eased if we decided to use economic aid more aggressively in our rivalry with the Soviets. Certainly the debt structure of

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poor states, now in shaky condition, would be vastly improved if the United States, the World Bank and the IMF gave more aid on better terms. That prospect is especially appealing to U.S. commercial banks, which have a hefty stake in the matter. Since 1970 they have loaned more than $50 billion to non-OPEC Third World countries. The immediate result of an enlarged aid program would be to solidify financial ties among donors, underdeveloped recipients and large commercial banks—in effect insuring the private lenders.

Anti-Soviet politics might provide a persuasive argument for more United States aid, as it did during the cold war. Since the completion of the Marshall Plan, the threat of Communist expansion in the Third World has been the only persuasive argument for aid, and that might prove true once again. But aside from foreign aid most economic issues seem insulated from the bipolar conflict. Today's problems—the absence of international economic leadership, for instance, or persistent imbalances of payments—are less easily linked to fundamental strategic issues. It is unlikely, then, that the disarray in Western economic relations will be resolved by the course of U.S.-Soviet diplomacy, or much affected by the accompanying rhetoric.

This analysis suggests that, despite troubling reminders of the cold war, the deepening conflict with the Soviet Union has some striking new features. It only peripherally affects economic interdependence among advanced industrial states, for example, and has not yet confounded U.S. relations with China and Eastern Europe. Besides distinguishing among Communist states, Washington is also playing a more complex game with Moscow. It is differentiating among issues and seeking limited agreements where possible. Both the White House and the State Department are trying desperately to insulate SALT from the furor over Africa and revulsion over the dissidents' imprisonment. Even if the administration fails, it is clearly refusing to fight a new cold war, refusing to oppose the Soviets at every turn. Indeed, the very premise of SALT is that *mutually advantageous* agreements can still be achieved on the most vital issues.

Depite Carter's personal commitment to human rights, he has never claimed, as President Kennedy did, that "We shall pay any price, bear any burden . . . to assure the survival and success of liberty." The price, paid in blood in Indochina, is too well remembered for Kennedy's open-ended pledge to be repeated so soon.

The language of foreign policy is more precise this time around. The focus is on Soviet militarism and Cuban adventurism, not on godless communism. It is a less Messianic message, designed to win support for a more active foreign policy without hemming in the policy makers. What remains to be seen is whether this modulated rhetoric can withstand a more bitter struggle abroad and ever harsher attacks from the hardliners at home. □

TUITION TAX CREDITS

RELIEF FOR WHICH CLASS?

PAULA DiPERNA

Standing up for the middle class has become politically astute, and the proposals for the tuition tax credits that are now drawing Congressional attention are clearly in the mood of the day. On the assumption that it is time middle-class parents received some relief from rising tuition charges, both the House and the Senate have proposed legislation to allow the parents of students who attend private (including parochial) or public institutions to deduct a portion of the tuition from their income taxes. Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D., N.Y.), a principal supporter and architect of the Senate bill, has termed the tax credit issue "likely to be among the most important debates in education history" and a "sound example of a public policy idea whose time, one hopes, at last has come." Timely the legislation may be, but its soundness is in serious question.

Tuition tax credits tread on uncertain constitutional grounds, rekindling the old controversy over use of public funds to support parochial education: they also threaten an already teetering public school system and are predicated on the unusual principle of tax relief to all in the same measure, regardless of need. As for the relief proposed, the legislation would do very little for the middle class, ignore the truly poor altogether, and provide pocket money for the rich.

A number of such bills have come and gone, but the surviving House version is H.R. 12050, passed by a 237-to-158 vote on June 1. It allows a direct tax credit in the amount of 25 percent of tuition, to a maximum by 1980 of $250 for college students and $100 for elementary and secondary school students. The original Senate version, S. 2142, initiated by Senators Moynihan and Robert Packwood (R., Ore.) with fifty cosponsors, had passed the Finance Committee with amendments. But later, apparently responding to intensive debate and criticism, the Senate Finance Committee voted 15 to 1 to make significant changes in the bill. Notably it fixed the maximum credit for elementary and secondary students, who become eligible in 1980, at $250, half what it allows for higher education. A 50 percent tuition tax credit—maximum $500—will be granted to college students. The committee also deleted the controversial "refundability clause" which had provided that persons who did not owe tax from which a credit could be deducted would receive a cash payment instead. The new bill also denies

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the credit to graduate students who are less than half-time. Best estimates of the loss to the federal treasury of the Moynihan-Packwood bill at the peak of its applicability in 1983 is $2.8 billion.

Supporters of both versions hold that tax credits are a straightforward, easily administered way to lighten tuition burdens in a time of escalating school costs. They say further that private schools, including parochial, provide necessary "diversity" in our national education pattern, shatter the state education "monopoly," produce a better "product" for the money, and provide a "choice" for those who for one reason or another prefer not to use the public school system. But alluring though the concept of direct tax credits may be, supporting them is akin to suggesting that the government subsidize exclusive boutiques, department stores and bargain basements in the name of preserving simplicity, diversity and choice in shopping.

For reasons of political strategy, the legislation includes higher education in the same package with elementary and secondary schools. The college and university component enables supporters to argue that "most" benefits will accrue to families with children in public institutions, since both private and public colleges charge tuition, and most college students—some 80 percent—attend public colleges. At elementary and secondary school levels, the audience to receive benefits is much narrower—few public schools at this level charge tuition, which means that the bill would profit only the 10 percent of the student population enrolled in private tuition-charging institutions.

No one would deny that college costs—tuition plus room and board, now running at an average of $2,900 a year in public colleges and $4,800 in private schools—can sink a family budget. Even a family earning $30,000 gross—and Moynihan-Packwood claims that 85 percent of the bill's benefits will go to families at or below that level—is pressed to meet college expenses. But the hoax of the tax credit legislation is that the relief provided is hardly enough to cover a student's textbook expense, let alone make the difference between attending a state college and Harvard. Against all tuition bills, the House legislation provides a maximum 25 percent credit, not to exceed $100 in 1978, $150 in 1979 and $250 in 1980. It is pure rhetoric to talk of relieving the burden on the average family, if $30,000 annually can now be considered average.

The Carter administration, dead set against tax credits, has suggested instead an expansion of all existing loan programs to provide a $250 grant to students from families earning up to $25,000. It also adds Basic Education Opportunity Grant funds and other assistance so that families earning less than $7,500 can receive $1,600 to $1,800 a year. Families with adjusted gross income up to $40,000 are also eligible for various forms of loan aid which would amount to more than the maximum $500 tax credit. HEW Secretary Califano testified before the House that the cost of the Carter proposal for more aid would add $1.2 billion to the 1979 budget request, while the revenue loss from the House version of the tax credit at its maximum would be roughly the same.

Proponents of tax credits are fond of referring to HEW as "The Thing," a carnivorous bureaucracy clogged with paper work and obsessed by the idea of territorial expansion. They argue that expansion of the loan program would only mean more food for "The Thing," and risk extended loan default.

Congress cannot enact both the Carter loan program and the tuition tax credit scheme. In the Senate, leaders such as Jacob Javits and Edward Kennedy, among others, strongly favor the loan program. Kennedy says: "The Basic Federal Education Program has served us well in the past, and with the 1978 improvements, it will serve us far better in the future than an untried and unproven tax credit approach. . . . It is ironic that many in Congress who call themselves fiscal conservatives and who consistently vote against increased support for basic education progams are so quick to support this sort of wasteful spending through the Internal Revenue Code."

The universities and colleges are themselves mixed in their support of Moynihan-Packwood, agreeing that the loan and grant system is subject to paper pushing and delay, but fearing that the tax credit plan simply does not provide enough aid. Steven Muller, speaking for the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities, said the credit will be of some use at the public colleges where tuition is lower, but have no significant effect at the private universities. The American Council on Education stated that "There is a clear consensus in the [education] community that the highest priority in helping middle-income families meet the costs of college is to expand and build on the existing programs of need-based student aid."

Whatever their intrinsic merit, tax credits for higher education are a politically shrewd suggestion. It is a way to test the water for the idea of tax credits for elementary and secondary schools, which is really at the heart of the tax credit debate. No matter how you wrote it, a bill that served only 10 percent of the nation's younger student population could not be called broad. Moreover, 85 percent of the nation's nonpublic elementary and secondary schools are church-related.

There is considerable doubt that tax credits to students in parochial lower schools are constitutional, but less question on this point about parochial higher education, since at that level the institutions, in the eyes of constitutional law, do not "advance" religion, and they provide completely secular education for those who want it. Therefore, the two tiers have been linked so that the banner of middle-class tax relief can fly over them both. The debate pits constitutional experts against one another, and Moynihan and Packwood are adamant that the Constitution never meant to prohibit aid to any level of parochial school. Griffin Bell, however, and Paul Freund of Harvard, among others, just as adamantly predict that tax credits at the elementary and secondary school level would not survive a Supreme Court test.

Ed Doerr, of Americans United for Separation of Church and State, has charged repeatedly that five Roman Catholic educators helped draw up the Moynihan-Packwood bill, but whether they did or not is hardly the issue.

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There is no doubt that the parents of children in Roman Catholic schools stand to gain the most from the bill, since 75 percent of parochial schools are operated by the Catholic Church. And credits of 50 percent, or even 25 percent, would make a substantial dent in the average $300 to $450 tuitions charged by these schools. Tuition structures are similar in all parochial schools, regardless of faith, and so the amounts suggested by Moynihan-Packwood seem to have been hit upon with them in mind. Proponents of Moynihan-Packwood may argue that withholding aid to any parochial school exemplifies lingering religious bigotry, but a bill that so obviously helps parochial students more than it does other groups can hardly avoid being tagged "special interest."

And it is difficult to argue that the tax credit legislation promotes parental choice in education, since the amounts of money involved hardly stimulate enrollment in the elite elementary and secondary schools, where tuition ranges from $2,000 to $4,000 per year, per child, excluding board. One could suggest that if choice were the true goal, the federal government might provide meaningful elementary and secondary school loans to enable entry of the poor and significantly relieve the middle class, who even with $30,000 per year are hard pressed to pay $5,000 per year in tuition for two children. As with higher education, tax credits are opening no doors to the lofty levels. The only "choice" they offer is between public and inexpensive, not public and private.

And they put no credit whatsoever in the hands of the families, 70 percent of which earn less than $20,000 per year, whose children attend public schools. Though adversaries of the tax credit legislation do their cause little good by blanket charges that the entire package favors only the rich, it is undeniable that the unrestricted credit system is unfair to the poor and the middle class. The Senate bill would directly credit a maximum of $250 per child to a family, regardless of whether it was just making ends meet, borderline affluent, or jet-set wealthy.

A family with a gross income of $50,000 might receive $750 for three children; a family with a gross income of $20,000 and three children in public schools would get not a dollar. There is something fundamentally askew about this arrangement. And if one wants to claim that the $750 is at least as much as the private school family saves the government each year by not using the public schools, why not credit those who don't use public clinics, don't use public transportation and don't go to the public library?

Much has been made about the higher efficiency and quality of education in parochial schools. The cost of educating a student there averages about $400, while the public school system averages about $1,900. Further, the academic results of the church-related schools are reported to be higher. In New York City, archdiocese schools claim that their students read half a year or more better than the national average; the New York public schools report that 60 percent of their students read below the national average; the Western Association of Christian Schools boasts that its students are two to four years above the national average. The differences are impressive on the surface, but several underlying factors must be considered. To their undeniable advantage, parochial schools have smaller bureaucracies, using a decentralized, almost school-size unit system which the public schools might well copy. But they also usually receive teaching services free from personnel in religious orders, and pay lay teachers less in salary and fringe benefits. Moreover, parochial schools are under no statutory obligation to accept or retain every student who applies or is admitted. It is unlikely that the parochial schools could continue to be cost or quality effective—even with additional tuition from additional students, since tuition covers only half of the costs—if they were to absorb even a 10 percent rise in enrollment, or if they were obliged to accept everyone, the slow learners, the "underachievers," the handicapped and all the behavior and discipline "problem" students that the public schools must absorb. And if private and parochial schools are not obliged to accept everyone, it is hard to justify what amounts to a $250 federal payment per student when the federal share of aid to public school students works out to only $128 to $155 per child (depending upon whether one uses HEW or Congressional statistics).

To the discussion about selectivity one must add concerns about segregation. While students must be enrolled in tax-exempt schools to qualify for the tax credit, and while schools must meet civil rights guidelines to qualify for exemption, policing the guidelines would be in the hands of the Internal Revenue Service. During House debate, considerable doubt was raised that the IRS had the staff or the authority to monitor the schools. Jerome Kurtz, commissioner of the IRS, wrote candidly: "The Service is strongly committed to vigorous enforcement of the racial non-discrimination requirements. . . . However, with approximately 16,000 exempt private schools in the country and with limited audit resources, the Service is not in a position to guarantee that every school is in fact operating in accordance with its representations that it is racially non-discriminatory. . . . The Service must rely on the assertions of exempt organizations unless those assertions are brought into question on audit or by outside information."

Also, the wording of the House bill is somewhat cryptic when it states that schools which enroll students for whom a tax credit is claimed "shall not be considered to be a recipient of Federal assistance under this act." What this appears to mean is that the tax credit itself shall not be construed as federal aid, the receipt of which obligates schools to comply with federal law requiring education of the handicapped, and the provision of athletic and other extracurricular programs without regard to the sex of the students. In short, this wording permits private and parochial schools to escape curriculum mandates to which receipt of federal aid is tied.

Finally, one must consider the effect—both practical and in public attitude—of the tax credit legislation on the public schools. Supporters of the bills insist that passage will not reduce spending for public schools and indeed go out of their way to endorse every federal appro-

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priation that comes down the public education road. But even if federal spending for education did not decline in the face of a $3 billion annual federal revenue loss, state aid would be in jeopardy. In most states, aid is tied directly to enrollment and attendance figures. In New York City, a drop of 10 percent in enrollment would mean a loss of approximately $80 million. Leonard Stavisky, chairman of the New York State Assembly Education Committee, calls tax credits a "death knell": "Public schools don't have enough money now to do their job. Is this the time to talk about taking still more away from them?"

Then there is the argument about the quality of public school education. Already, it suffers from continuing reports of failure. But if the schools are left with only those rejected by or expelled from private schools, what happens to their chances to upgrade quality, their ability to maintain diversity in the public sector, and very importantly, their political constituency? If the government stimulates a flight from the public schools, what happens to the already wide gap between the need for public education and public appreciation of that need? No matter where one sends one's children, everyone benefits from sound public education and, conversely, everyone is the poorer when it fails. Every time a child is well educated, society gains; every time a child fails to realize his or her potential, drops out, goes on welfare or turns to crime, society pays. This correlation has been ignored in the tuition tax credit debate. Instead, the public schools are talked about as though they were peculiarly isolated from the world, as though private school parents reap or lose nothing from them.

It comes down to the plain fact that a democratic society must offer a good, basic education free of charge to everyone, or cease to call itself a democratic society. And if we must pay up to $250 per student to keep the urban middle class from fleeing to the suburbs for better *free* public schools, why not divert those funds to improving the public schools already in place?

With fifty cosponsors on record, it is likely that the Moynihan-Packwood bill will pass the Senate when it comes to floor debate, even though it lacks the support of influential members like Kennedy, Javits, Hollings and Bentsen. Eventually, the differences between the House and Senate versions—the cryptic language and the dollar amounts involved—must be resolved in Conference Committee. But the exercise seems futile, since the President will almost certainly veto any tuition tax credit legislation, and a two-thirds override majority is not in sight.

It is possible that tax credit movers and shakers will decide to tack the tuition measure onto some "veto-proof" legislation. Or they may attempt to force it into the general tax reform bills now scattered around Congress. Perhaps, constitutional barriers notwithstanding, a provision which hinged the credit to some appropriate income level would have a chance. Perhaps only the higher education tuition tax credits will ultimately survive. Whatever strategy develops, supporters of the principle cannot retreat and remain credible. They have promised tuition tax relief, and this is hardly the year to play with the hopes of the middle class. □

SKOKIE'S LESSONS ON LIBERTY

PHILIP GREEN

The American Nazis finally bypassed Skokie, if not Chicago, in what should have been the most trivial non-event of the year. This tiny collection of irrelevant cranks seems to have had little other purpose in mind than to vindicate their constitutional rights in a typically American fit of litigiousness (can one imagine Hitler devoting all his energies to defending the Constitution of the Weimar Republic?). So now they are temporarily in retreat, at least publicly, from a polity no better or worse off than it was before they so ostentatiously invaded it.

As for the ideology they claim to represent, if fascism ever does come to the United States, it will be in the form of a pseudo-Populist, computerized police state (for whites only) joined to an integrated corporate capitalism. The seedy, self-parodying American Nazis would have only a slightly better chance of rising to the top of such a state than would American Communists.

Inconsequential as the Nazis are, however, what happened to them (or would have, but for the intervention of the American Civil Liberties Union) is very consequential. For the past few months we have witnessed, to the unsatisfactory extent permitted us by the national news media, what has really been an epic battle over fundamental principles. All too frequently that battle has been presented to us as but another episode in the parade of ethnic chauvinisms that has been such a prominent aspect of American politics in the 1970s.

Given this kind of presentation, the media have at best reluctantly defended the ACLU, mostly in the careful phrases that are reserved for defenses of pardonable eccentricity: this is a permissive society, and everyone must be expected to do his or her own thing. Rarely has there been the slightest hint, let alone a firm statement, that the ACLU's "thing" is the idea of democracy itself. On the contrary, the most common approach of television and the press has been to dignify an often self-interested assault on freedom of speech by presenting it as part of a "tragic" conflict—between, on one side, the past and potential trauma of those death-camp survivors who live

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in Skokie (along with the awesome vileness of the Nazis' program) and, on the other, the "abstract" constitutional principles involved in the case, principles, it is suggested, which may be outweighed by the burden of the former considerations. That nothing could *less* justify the suppression of a political speech or assembly than its potential, symbolic offensiveness to persons or the moral intellect is a notion that has apparently not been understood—at any rate, it has hardly been uttered (except, brilliantly, by Jules Feiffer in his speech to the ACLU convention, excerpted in the July 1st issue of *The Nation*).

Thus in retrospect it cannot be emphasized too strongly that what the American Nazi Party has tried to do is exactly the kind of action most deserving of constitutional protection, and not despite, but because of, its vileness. Only in the pages of *The Nation*, particularly in the articles of Carl Cohen, has there been a consistent recognition of the basic principle that the Nazis have thus put to the test, and a continuing, educational discussion of the kind that might enlighten Americans about the fundamental tenets of civil liberty.

Cohen's exposition of First Amendment doctrine in the April 15th issue of *The Nation* is especially lucid and succinct. Unfortunately, in his subsequent attack on the concept of "group libel" (*The Nation*, June 24), he responds to the misleading arguments of his correspondent Doris Brin Walker, and the *National Review*'s Hadley Arkes, with an argument of his own that is equally misleading, even though it is couched in the spirit of the venerated John Stuart Mill. The complexity of and confusion about the case for free speech, apparent even here, suggests that it might be a good time, at a moment of relative calm, to try to restate the basic principles that have been under attack.

The first difficulty we must confront, I think, is that Mill and Cohen to the contrary, considerations of mere social utility will *never* justify granting an audience to the ideas of Nazis (or certain other groups of hateful people). Arkes and Walker are surely correct when they argue that *no conceivable good* can come from the espousal of genocide. It is understandable that to the Victorian gentleman Mill, for whom Roman Catholicism on the one hand and unbridled atheism on the other seemed to be the summit of intellectual loathsomeness, any idea must have some value. But surely in the age of the Holocaust we know better.

If, as in his essay on group libel, Carl Cohen (and *The Nation*) attempts to convince Americans that the free speech of Nazis must be defended because any commodity offered for sale in the marketplace of ideas may possibly be of some value, they will be ignored just as free-market ideologues are always properly ignored, and the defense of the desperately important idea of free speech will have been unnecessarily weakened by what will seem to many to be an obvious use of casuistry.

There certainly is a crucial reason why the freedom of speech and assembly of Nazis had to be protected against the likes of Arkes and Walker, but we must insist that it has nothing to do with the social utility of a free market in ideas. An *absolute* right of free speech (and the freedom of assembly that is its prerequisite) is rather *the* fundamental dictate of democratic self-government and political equality.

That is true even though we freely admit a qualification having to do with the possibility that someone's exercise of speech and assembly rights might pose a "clear and present danger." For the qualification is *not*, or should not be taken as, an exception to what we mean by an absolute right of free speech. That the qualification is not an exception becomes apparent as soon as we ask, clear and present danger of what?

If the answer is that some illicit and/or destructive act may occur, because a self-styled exercise of speech is really part of a pattern of violent action, then the existing laws against violent action (of whatever kind) are there to be invoked. For example, the laws against assault protect people from assaults by Nazis, and the police are perfectly capable of enforcing those laws. If a speech or assembly occurs under such circumstances that some complainants and the police consider it to have been a virtual criminal assault, then a jury and an appellate court system (which ordinarily will give considerably more protection to the rights of the accused than would the police acting by themselves) will determine if they were right.

This kind of balancing of the right to make a political statement versus the right to be free of physical harm can be undertaken quite satisfactorily, and with a minimum of injustice, in the total absence of any laws about the *advocacy* of assault, the *likelihood* of assault, conspiracy to *incite* assault, etc. There is therefore not the slightest need nor excuse for a law prohibiting, or having the tendency to prohibit, any kind of speech or symbolic expression or peaceful political assembly. The authors of the Bill of Rights were perfectly sensible when they wrote, "Congress shall make *no law* [italics added] . . . abridging the freedom of speech . . . or the right of the people peaceably to assemble. . . ." That is a prohibition to which there need be no exception.

It is also a prohibition to which there should be no exception; it is essential not to have such laws as long as we are committed to democratic political equality. For whether a community practices direct democracy, "participatory democracy," or representative government, the one legitimate outcome of public disputes is that public policies are undertaken by a majority coalition and opposed by one or more minority coalitions. Self-government in the context of political equality (absent the latter, "self-government" is either majority tyranny or more likely concealed minority rule) takes place when and only when we are all free to make up our own minds about what our interests are, and to communicate our knowledge to others we think might be like-minded.

Censorship, on the other hand, destroys the conditions of democratic political equality. Its purpose is to prevent certain perceptions of mutual group interest from being communicated, and thus to prevent certain potential coalitions from coming into being. The perceptions of the censor as to what constitutes a desirable community of interest are substituted for the perceptions of the citizens

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themselves—who thus become less than citizens. Whether the censor is thought by a majority or by an "informed outside observer" to be right or wrong is beside the point, since in any event the result is serious damage to the fragile idea of democracy.

Where the censor truly does represent majority opinion, some possible coalitions of opposition are strangled at birth, and majority tyranny rather than democratic self-government is the outcome (though even the pretensions of a tyrannical majority to be expressing its own views cannot be taken seriously once censorship has occurred). Where the censor actually represents a minority interest, then hidden minority rule is the result, as the communication of information that might some day lead to the formation of a new majority coalition is thwarted.

Both kinds of censorship occur frequently in American society already (especially in the mass media). Whether it is a potential majority or a potential community of dissent that is aborted depends on the class or group most potentially hospitable to the proscribed idea, and on who accomplishes the proscription, but in principle the distinction is irrelevant. Democratic self-government and political equality entail both majority rule *and* minority right. Contrary to common belief, these are not opposed notions: both are necessary and neither can truly exist once the political censors take over.

Therefore the utilitarian line of reasoning set out by Mill and by Cohen is the opposite of a proper defense of free speech. It may very well be the total social worthlessness of an idea, not any potential value in it, that makes its defense paramount. The Nazis pose not an "extreme" but an exemplary test case. Freedom of speech is indeed pre-eminently, as Holmes once wrote, "freedom for the thought that we hate." (That means, incidentally, that the *only* test of an individual's commitment to free speech is how he or she responds to the most vicious attack on his or her own most precious beliefs or interests; unhappily, a Jew who cannot defend the free speech of Nazis flunks that test.)

The reason we must be prepared precisely to defend the most hated speech is that, except at the purely local level where representatives of parochial custom attempt to censor expressions of cosmopolitanism, the political censors always begin with what seems at the time to most people to be the most obviously worthless speech. It is playing into their hands—it is starting an argument one cannot win—to contest that judgment of worthlessness in its own terms. Instead, what has to be contested is the very principle of repression, which always feeds on itself—not metaphorically but actually; not accidentally but necessarily.

The self-regenerating quality of the principle of repression inheres in the fact that the opposed principle of absolute freedom of speech for political ideas is associated with another fundamental tenet of democracy, namely Bentham's classic doctrine that no one else knows a person's interests better than the person does. Would-be censors presume precisely to know what it is in my interest to hear, without consulting me. When they thus violate Bentham's rule, they necessarily divide the polity into two classes: the actors who decide what is permissible, and the acted-upon who are mere objects of that decision. With our accession to a single act of repression, therefore, we allow political equality (or as much of it as may exist) to vanish, and the anti-democratic principle of exclusive rule by the (self-anointed) righteous and their followers (rather than rule equally by all) to be enshrined in its place.

The crucial problem (which Cohen does discuss in his article on group libel) is all too obvious. Once censorship is established, exceptions to the rule (of absolute free speech) will quickly eat up the rule. There will always be *many* doctrines, not just the doctrine of genocide, that will seem totally noxious to the censorious mind, for the censorious mind justifies its existence by its ability to hunt out noxiousness. When have people, once having decided to categorize all examples of a phenomenon as either Good or Evil, ever been content to discover only *one* example of Evil? On the contrary, once we (any of us) arrogate to ourselves the capacity and the right to make *and act upon* that distinction in the realm of speech, then not to be constantly making and acting upon it must come to seem a cowardly and irresponsible unwillingness to exercise a legitimate kind of judgment that the polity has demanded of us.

We will have to test *every* controversial political expression to satisfy ourselves that it ought to escape the sway of our repressive principle. Not only that, but if clearly loathsome ideas do escape (e.g., because their loathsomeness does not extend to the espousal of genocide) we will begin to think about extending the scope of repression—once we have established that hatefulness is to be repressed, how can we sensibly refrain from repressing all kinds of hatefulness? Thus, ineluctably, equal liberty having been once vanquished in principle, it is only a matter of time before the contrary rule of *liberty for the righteous only* finds its next victim, and its next, and its next. . . .

The infantile American Nazis will accomplish nothing but offense to everyone. What has to be reiterated is that the sophisticated apologies for repression of a knowledgeable and reputable political scientist like Professor Arkes, though no less deserving of protection, are the real danger to equal liberty in the United States. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Training Latin America's Finest

HIDDEN TERRORS: The Truth About U.S. Police Operations in Latin America. *By A.J. Langguth. Pantheon Books. 339 pp. $10.*

JOSE YGLESIAS

Langguth is a novelist as well as a newspaperman and he must have realized before he began this book that he could not simply lay out the facts of our complicity in police terror in Latin America: he had to find a way to make us as angry as he is about the harm our government has done, or his book, like so many other exposés, might be used to further inflate our old boast that the USA is a wonderfully free, democratic society to allow such publications. He chose to tell flatly, laconically, as if it were an early Sinclair Lewis novel, the story of Dan Mitrione, the American police adviser in Uruguay kidnapped and executed in 1970 by the Tupamaros, and to alternate this small-town Midwesterner's experience with what was going on in the more glamorous and various worlds of Washington, the CIA, the Brazilian and Uruguayan military commands and the revolutionary underground. He succeeds in creating interest and suspense, and in making one share his moral repulsion; indeed, one wishes, as naively as when one was young, that this book would make something happen. But the very week I was reading it, I heard Richard Helms say to David Frost on prime-time television that he was sorry to have brought in the Mafia on the plans to assassinate Castro, but there was no more he could say than that. There was a slight frown on Frost's face as Helms smiled away his memories of wrongdoing. Perhaps Langguth will make his readers more than frown.

Dan Mitrione was not the villain with a sense of his own place in history that Yves Montand so stylishly portrayed in the Costa-Gavras movie, *State of Siege*. He was not even in the CIA, and he applied for work as a police adviser in the Office of Public Safety because as chief of police in Madison, Ind. he did not earn enough for his family of nine children. Indeed, when he went out on his first assignment to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, in 1960, he very likely believed, like a present-day Babbitt, that getting that town's police to work efficiently was his real job. That is what he conscientiously worked at (he got them to institute daily police reporting), and in any case it was not until 1964 (when the generals with our help and connivance, as is now known, deposed Goulart) that police torture began to be used systematically with political prisoners.

Langguth tells a story about Mitrione that perfectly captures the kind of morality found at middle-management level of major corporations. (Mitrione belonged to that class of Americans who believe in the public statements of politicians and the annual reports of the corporations for which they work.) Some police officers in Belo Horizonte were discussing what Mitrione, now assigned elsewhere, would have done if he saw a cop abusing a prisoner. It was the late 1960s and torture was now commonplace. One of the cops said about Mitrione, "He'd leave." Another asked, "Leave the country?" "No," the first corrected him. "Leave the room." And years later, in Montevideo, after his periods of service in Brazil and as teacher at the International Police Academy in Washington, Mitrione was to do just that when he walked in—inadvertently, Langguth reports—on the cops giving electric shocks to a Tupamaro.

In the years that he worked in Brazil and taught at the Police Academy in Washington, Mitrione had learned, Langguth says, that the police advisory work expected of him was to put down insurgency. He would have been extraordinarily dense if he hadn't, for the *International Police Academy Review* of January 1967 lists among the courses it offered in Internal Security "Basic Framework for Counter-Insurgency Policy," "Operational Views on Insurgency," "Targets of Insurgency," and many others clearly repressive in their goals. Indeed, at the 1965 graduation exercises of the Academy, Gen. Maxwell Taylor had said, "We appreciate now that every young, emerging country must be constantly on the alert, watching for those symptoms which, if allowed to develop unrestrained, may eventually grow into a disastrous situation such as that in South Vietnam. We have learned the need for a strong police force and strong police intelligence organization to assist in identifying early the symptoms of an incipient subversive situation."

One of the qualities Mitrione did not lose was his earnestness and in Uruguay as in Belo Horizonte, technical material of all sorts began to arrive for the Montevideo police due to Mitrione's assiduous completion of acquisition forms. Nor did he lose his underling's belief in the boss's pronouncements: the book's climactic chapter taken from the tapes of the Tupamaros questioning him in captivity is particularly interesting for his adroitness in putting off his questioner while repeating, with only a touch of cynicism, the clichés of American officialdom. The young revolutionary questioning him is inept, inexperienced, even diffident, lending the interview in combination with Mitrione's manner the casual tone of an encounter at a dinner party where out of respect for the social occasion each man is polite about the other's views almost to the point of deference. Only the reader knows, with classical irony, what will happen and who has already limned Mitrione's fate.

Mitrione is not, of course, a figure for classical tragedy. None of the characters in this book are (except, perhaps, some of the young Brazilians who broke and those who did not break under torture) but they are the more believable for that. These minor characters come as something of a surprise each time. Ambassador Elbrick whom the young Brazilians kidnapped in 1969 was not the sort of Yankee they expected. He was a career diplomat civilized and tolerant; and perhaps because he was less of an ideologue than political appointees are, he was capable of recognizing the decency of his young captors and his own inability to answer some of their arguments. Langguth believes that Elbrick's career was finished because he spoke so truthfully of his experience after he was released.

Jose Yglesias is the author of In the Fist of the Revolution: Life in a Cuban Country Town *(Pantheon). His book* The Franco Years, *a study of the period following the Civil War, appeared last October.*

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Lincoln Gordon, the U.S. Ambassador to Brazil who was there to assist the generals with their coup against a constitutional democracy, is less surprising—he was one of those academic liberals who joined the Kennedy administration, and we have learned to look for real villains there. (In one of his asides Langguth says, "But the Kennedy years had already proved that distinguished liberals, given authority overseas, could surmount their domestic principles. For example, as early as 1961, John Kenneth Galbraith had urged President Kennedy to undercut President Diem in South Vietnam and prepare the way for a more efficient regime headed by the army.") Nevertheless, Gordon's is a fine portrait: the Harvard professor who dirtied his hands in Brazil only to become restive after the coup at the crassness with which the generals went about their business. He ended up as president of Johns Hopkins and signed a protesting telegram to the generals when they, as Langguth points out, shut down Congress, suspended *habeas corpus* for political crimes, and gave full autocratic power to Gen. Castelo Branco.

For comic relief in that Brazilian episode there is Gen. Vernon "Dick" Walters. He was Gordon's military attaché and an old friend of those military men we were counting on to depose the Populist Goulart. (Gordon thought Goulart was vulgar and resisted his friendly overtures.) Remember old Dick Walters at the Watergate Committee hearings?—explaining how as assistant to Helms at the CIA it was only natural, when asked by Haldeman in Helms's presence, that he should go over to the FBI and tell Gray not to pursue the investigation to Mexico. Walters's presence in countries where military coups occurred had already been noted when he was sent to Brazil, but he is still stonewalling it (perhaps the only one of that crowd to have been able to do so) about his role there. In his exceedingly dull memoirs he writes, "There have been many reports, all false, to the effect that I in some way pushed him [Castelo Branco] to take the leadership of the plotters and overthrow Goulart. Castelo Branco was a proud Brazilian and had I or any other foreigner made any such suggestion to him, he would have indignantly rejected it and it might well have terminated our friendship. I knew this and therefore was never tempted to try to influence him or to seek information from him. I valued his friendship too highly." Delicious; Dick Walters seems unaware that he is confessing to not doing the regular job of a military attaché.

One of the pleasures of Langguth's book—perhaps exhilaration is a better word, for he often brings you unbearably close to horrors—comes from seeing all the people within the compass of his story get their due. Not just the villains, our natural partners in Latin America but the victims of the police tortures as well. Langguth went to Europe and located some of the political prisoners who were exchanged for those kidnapped by the underground, and he has told their story very movingly. (Langguth has even interviewed some of the torturers.) It is from them that he has gotten the details of how the tortures were conducted, the kind of men who administered them, and how the victims withstood them. Whether the victims talked or not they each claim one's compassion. Indeed, all one's reactions to their experiences seem beside the point except for the question: how would I have acted in their place?

Sources for these stories can be traced in the thick lists of references for each chapter at the back of the book except where identification "would be to jeopardize their jobs, their pensions, or their status as exiles. It could also mean prison, torture, perhaps death." One believes Langguth, of course, for the tortures have been remarkably efficient—it was not so much that the authorities wanted to extract information, I think, but that they wanted to spread terror and they were successful in both, so that there are now few within reach of the police who will expose themselves.

There will be doubters still of the old Dick Walters variety. I am reminded of *The New York Times* correspondent in Brazil who wrote me in 1969, after I had passed through there and written an article, not too enthusiastically published by *The New York Times* [Sunday] *Magazine*, which revealed the tortures. He wrote both to congratulate me and to chide me for not having introduced him to the underground representatives who talked to me. He had not only not been able to reach them in a year (it's tough being a *Yanqui* reporter) but the people in charge of the news sections in New York sat on his articles on the widespread tortures carried on by the police and all branches of the military: his editors wanted him to be identifying and quoting people who had gone through the experience; all else was hearsay and apparently not news.

I mention this story because one always suspects that perhaps what has been so ably, even subtly, exposed in this book may be at the moment passé. Indeed maybe the book's publication was only possible because the activities have been phased out and the principals placed beyond the reach of the law. After all, the International Police Academy was shut down by the Foreign Assistance Act of 1974 and ceased operating on March 19, 1975. And also President Carter's statements on human rights are one of the few efficacious pressures brought to bear on the various dictatorial regimes in Latin America. Need we respond to Langguth's alarm? It all seems over.

Langguth gives one a lead toward the end of his book: when the Office of Public Safety was closed, some of its "better connected men made an easy transition to the Drug Enforcement Agency." This agency trains Third World narcotic agents, as does the Customs Bureau which uses the same building as the old police academy. Even a Congressional committee reporting on the implementation of the 1974 act is worried that the old training is still going on. Smith and Wesson, the largest supplier of police weapons, runs a training academy in Springfield, Mass. where I understand they take on students from nations that have placed particularly large orders.

Langguth seems aware of this too (I believe he talked to everyone and read everything on his subject) and he reveals in the last chapter that a Brazilian National Police Academy now exists, headed by a man not only trained by us but who was also subsequently overseer of torture at a Brazil-

THE HEALING

In the shimmering moment
when dream is left behind
like a glistening sea
looked back on quickly,

in the shimmering moment
that at rare times
enters awareness just as
day's bulk dawns—like a coast
behind a dense sea-fog—:

without form or guise
pure presence
that is always only yours.
As once long ago
when I looked up from the sickbed
and you sat at its edge
in the light that streamed in
through the gauze as I woke.

Arthur Gregor

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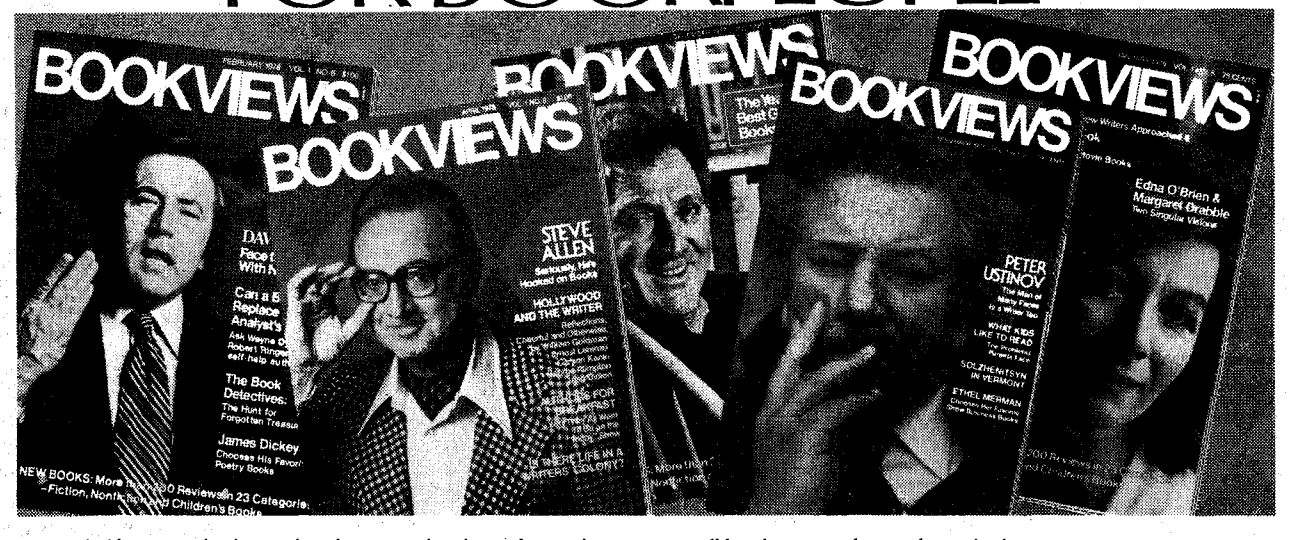

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ian jail. With the help of U.S. money this Brazilian academy has been enlarged to train police from other Latin American nations. We must not ask Langguth's book to do everything for us; it should occur to all his readers that one way we can stop our participation as a nation in torture of any kind is to cease conducting any secret operations, which means wiping out the CIA and letting our ambassadors be the gatherers and interpreters of the state of affairs in their posts of duty. Why not? Such an arrangement didn't stop us in the past from being imperialists but we did less harm. □

More on Engineering Genes

RECOMBINANT DNA: The Untold Story. *By John Lear. Crown Publishers. 280 pp. $8.95.*

TABITHA M. POWLEDGE

We anchored the sailboat in Turnagain Bay, one of hundreds of shallow uninhabited inlets on the North Carolina coast. He fished; I read this book. Hoping for a handout, the gulls were noisily importunate, but the only other sounds were the humming of insects and an occasional plop as a fish tried to catch one. That is, until the gunnery practice began. We had noticed, when we came into the bay, that the chart said we were chugging through a corner of Prohibited Area #204.55, but we had paid no attention. We paid attention now. Two planes zoomed and droned and shot—at each other? at a target? for the rest of the afternoon. They took a break around six, for dinner perhaps, like normal people. And then they resumed until after dark. For the last half-hour or so, we could hardly see them at all, just the streaks of light as they shot whatever it was they were shooting. It was all playacting; we were in no danger and neither were they. But the noise, the noise, in that setting, was awing.

There aren't many places left in the East as isolated as that stretch of coast, which is, I suppose, the reason the government conducts aerial target practice there. We, too, had gone there because it was isolated. But there is no isolation from the technology of destruction (or, depending on your world view, the technology of protection) anywhere anymore. Suppose a scientist in your community inserted a tumor virus into bacteria, and the bacteria then by accident got out of the lab, into your local sewer system, and eventually made their way into your intestinal tract? Such a scenario begins to make those noisy war machines in the North Carolina sky look like clumsy anachronisms.

But exactly that scenario was one of the things worrying a group of first-rank molecular biologists when, in the summer of 1974, they published an open letter simultaneously in the two most respected science journals in the world. The letter described their concerns and asked their colleagues to hold off doing a variety of experiments involving the transfer of genetic material from one organism to another until they could organize an international meeting to assess the risks. There had never been a like event, and it and those subsequent have altered irrevocably the relationship between science and politics. That is true even though the argument swirls around one of the more arcane corners of late 20th-century science, work on recombinant DNA (short for deoxyribonucleic acid, the genetic stuff that runs the show in each cell of virtually all living things, bacteria and buttercups, penguins and people).

For those trained in the humanities, as I was originally, brought up to believe that true wisdom resided with novelists and poets and philosophers, the realization that science is just as glorious an intellectual pursuit—and in most respects of far more practical importance to our daily lives—can be something akin to culture shock. Or, to cite the conventional referent, Two Culture shock. But we must be beginning to grasp that it is so, because publishers publish what they think will sell, and Lear's is the sixth general-audience book in the last couple of years on recombinant DNA, the hottest, most competitive, and now most political area of science. Its social impact—theoretical and practical—will almost certainly be at least as great as that of the physics of forty years ago, and probably greater.

Indeed, its potential is exactly what its proponents tout and its opponents fear. The large-scale manufacture of medically useful substances like human insulin? Absolutely. Feed a hungry world without artificial fertilizer and without pollution from runoff? Sure. Directed evolution of any species, including one *H. sapiens*? Why not?

We're not doing any of that yet, of course, though we're not so terribly far away from the insulin. The question is not can we—we can, eventually—it's *should* we. And one of the remarkable things about the recombinant DNA argument is that it is conceded by many of the parties to the dispute that the "we" in this case includes not just the scientists doing the work and the functionaries, public and private, who are writing the checks—which has historically been the way scientific priorities have been decided in this country—but also you and me. Though it is still definitely a point of contention, something approaching a truly democratic priority setting for science may be in the works here. And that means, for the nonspecialist, that some homework is required.

Lear's work has been preceded by many books (in addition to the six trade volumes, several others have been published for professional audiences) and probably thousands of articles, so its subtitle, "The Untold Story," is something of a misnomer. Indeed, the rush to recombinant DNA among science writers is only slightly less cutthroat than that displayed by molecular biologists. But the book is the most thorough and up-to-date account of the recombinant DNA fracas, partly because it's the most recent. It has the defect of its virtues, however. It's exhaustive, all right, but also exhausting, a staggeringly detailed chronology representing thousands of hours of interviewing principals, and poring over journal articles, letters, transcripts and other documents, threaded through with a plaintive, sorrowful despair at the discovery (and this, as he himself points out, after half a century of observing science) that scientists behave just like other mortals when they think their self-interest is being threatened.

Unless you are a dedicated science watcher though, Lear's book will tell you far more about the recombinant DNA argument than you'll care to know. If what you're after is a reasonably swift sense of what all the fuss is about, you'll do better to look at Nicholas Wade's *The Ultimate Experiment* (Walker & Co.) or June Goodfield's *Playing God* (Random House). The former is a careful and sensible account of the events leading up to and following upon the famous Asilomar conference of 1975. It also describes the battle

Tabitha Powledge has, for the past six years, been a research associate at the Hastings Center, Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, where she specializes in genetics. She is also a visiting lecturer at Yale.

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over community control of recombinant DNA research in Cambridge, Mass. and contains the best clear, simple explanations-for-the-nonscientist of the technical aspects of recombinant DNA and various types of safety guidelines that have been proposed to make sure the new organisms created with it stay in the lab. Goodfield's is idiosyncratic, lively and by far the best on the issues, particularly the long-range issues beyond immediate safety, culminating in the prospect of genetic engineering of human beings. It will not give you as much information about who said what when as Wade's or, especially, Lear's, but that is because she really set out to write a book on the scientists' changing relationship with society, and recombinant DNA provided a convenient peg to hang it on.

Although they are in general better primers than Lear's, both of those books came out last year. They are therefore missing some hair-raising tales of the past year's shenanigans that his includes: why, though several bills to regulate this research have been introduced into Congress, a hastily mounted but startlingly sophisticated scientific lobby has succeeded in keeping any of them from being passed; some discussion of the interest of private industry (particularly the drug manufacturers) in recombinant DNA's potential; the involvement of some of its academic practitioners in private companies that can exploit it for profit; and two documented cases of violations of the safety guidelines, not at obscure universities but at Harvard and the University of California. The recombinant DNA chronicle has, in fact, certain features in common with your typical 19th-century robber-baron story, except that it's taking place a century later in the (formerly) hallowed halls of ivy. And there is an occasional hero, too.

The issues all of those books set before us now are pretty practical ones: how to do the research safely, with a degree of regulation appropriate but not meddlesome and destructive of the science's creativity; whether private profit should be permitted, particularly when the seed money for it comes from your pocket and mine via government-funded research; whether a community does indeed have the right to control the research that goes on within its borders; how, given the fact that experimental bacteria are no respecters of country boundaries, this research should be regulated internationally; whether all the furor about guidelines isn't somewhat beside the point, since the research is relatively cheap and easy to do, and may thus attract the talented amateur, including the terrorist.

Though we should start thinking about it now, the really interesting issue is probably the province of the next century and our children's children: should we take upon ourselves the divine challenge (or burden, if you like) of shepherding the evolution of other species, and our own? For that transcendent might is what recombinant DNA techniques can probably someday give us, if we can survive famine, and teeming population, and the proliferation of carcinogens, and the radiation from our nuclear wastes. And those quaint, old-fashioned war machines in the sky. □

Napalm and M&Ms

ZIP: A Novel of the Left and Right. *By Max Apple. The Viking Press. 169 pp. $8.95.*

PHILIP STEVICK

There is not much arguing with the idea that the novel of manners, which never had much of a run in the United States anyhow, is played out. Not very many readers could go back now and read a John O'Hara novel, sharing the author's passionate concern with whether the hero buys the right Scotch and makes it into the country club. Class, of course, was the great tension that made the novel of manners possible and such interest as we now have in class takes different forms from the reading and writing of novels about it. What engages us far more than class is style—style irrespective of class. And it is possible that a new body of fiction now exists, novels of manners in a totally altered sense, in which the texture of experience is refracted and set down as a body of observations not on the ways in which the upper middle class differentiates itself from the lower middle class but rather the ways in which the Left separates itself from the Right, the militant from the passive, the hip from the straight, the university-smart from the street-smart, the Jewish from the non-Jewish, the famous from the nonfamous, the eager from the bored.

As the 1960s recede in the memory, it seems less a drama of substantive tensions—ideological, political, and social—than a mélange of styles, most of them overdone and obsessive. Had we not all lived through the decade, it would be possible to call those styles surreal. In Max Apple's *Zip*, Ira Goldstein, his manic narrator, describes Debbie Silvers's living room. It contains pictures of Ho Chi Minh and napalmed children; she sits on her water bed, eats M&Ms, reads *The Structure of Music*, her brown nipples showing through her Indian shirt. The combination of napalmed children and M&Ms is what gives the passage both its power to amuse, for it is touching and grotesque, and its power to evoke, for the world, ten years age, was full of Debbie Silverses.

Ira Goldstein manages, promotes, contemplates, celebrates, uses, is used by a Puerto Rican middleweight named Jesús the Crab, fighter and ideologue, victim and saint. (Apple plays with the name: "Jesús loves you," says Debbie to Ira at one point; at the end of the novel the referee's shirt is spattered with Jesús's blood.) Ira's verbal style is vacuous and compulsive, his personal style a classic blend of hustler and dutiful son to an obnoxious mother. But he is obliged to mediate between a cast of characters, Left and Right, that includes his mother, his fighter, his girlfriend, Howard Cosell, Fidel Castro, Jane Fonda and J. Edgar Hoover. The effect, of course, of introducing those "real" people is not to make the fictional characters more credible but to reduce the figures from public life to farcical actors in the drama of Ira Goldstein's head. Ira's effort to respond to, in a sense to contain, this odd assortment of styles, and through it all to keep talking, talking, is the central image of the novel. The action moves toward certain mythic, apocalyptic images at its end, of political kidnapping, riot, the ascension of Jesús the Crab in a basket. And the novel ends as Ira and Debbie, with one last look at the ascending Jesús, prepare to leave for Vermont.

"About" the '60s, the novel is also "about" zip. Zip is energy. Ira, energetic enough, God knows, is in quest of zip, that flush of adrenalin that gives passion and drive to life. Being parasitic, he finds zip from other people and that, perhaps, is Apple's most telling comment on the '60s, that depressing tendency to derive energy from other ener-

Philip Stevick has edited Anti-Story: An Anthology of Experimental Fiction.

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getic people, irrespective of what those other people *do*.

Max Apple's first book was a bright, inventive collection of short fictions, *The Oranging of America*. Writers whose first success is in short forms always invite the criticism that their subsequent longer fictions lack the substance which the length demands, being only extended stories. Formulaic and predictable though the criticism is, in this case it is just. Apple sustains Ira's monologue with a kind of idiotic vigor that only Stanley Elkin can do better. And he renders the sense of the '60s as farce, giving that version as much justification as the heavier versions can carry. But the novel finally lacks the range that its premises lead one to expect. Apple is a virtuoso but Ira Goldstein can only do a limited number of things with words. Apple, no doubt, has a range of human responsiveness that is greater than most men's. But to Ira, everyone is something to be promoted, coped with, hectored, kvetched about. And so the impression is finally of a novel with wonderful moments, a splendid sense of verbal play, and a keen eye for the styles of the '60s but without the imaginative power of Apple's best shorter work. □

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Chicago

Paul Sills has been watching the theatre for a long time. He was born in Chicago; he was educated at the University of Chicago; he was the co-founder and presiding guru of that seminal Chicago cabaret, The Second City. Sills has been quoted as saying that every two years the theatre in Chicago has a renaissance, and every two years it needs one. But now it looks as if this cycle has been broken; the latest Chicago theatre renaissance shows signs of being here to stay.

The current renaissance (I am not the only one who calls it that) is not flowering just at one theatre; half a dozen or more professional Chicago theatres—mostly small "off-Loop" operations—bear watching. Talented Chicagoans no longer assume that they have to leave town to work on the stage; they are staying home, or returning home, and theatre people from elsewhere are joining them. A sizable community of professional actors and even a few directors are managing to make a living—by practicing their craft in Chicago.

And these people are not just making theatre *in* Chicago; they are making theatre *about* Chicago. It is an ugly city, but people live there, and things happen to them. (Ask James T. Farrell; ask Saul Bellow; Chicago has never lacked for novelists.) Now Chicago playwrights are writing Chicago plays for Chicago theatres and Chicago audiences, working out of what they see and hear and remember, making their universals out of pungent and lovingly rendered Chicago specifics. The best and best-known playwright to come out of Chicago in recent years is of course David Mamet. The two old men in Mr. Mamet's early play *The Duck Variations* have their colloquy in a chess pavilion overlooking Lake Michigan. *The Water Engine* is set against the Century of Progress Exposition, held in Chicago in 1933-34. And *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* takes place all over the city; the beaches along Lake Shore Drive remind me of the last scene in *Sexual Perversity*, in which Bernie Litko and Dan Shapiro stand on just such a beach, checking out the chicks.

Concern with their city has not, however, made the Chicago playwrights narrow and ingrown. They look so closely at Chicago that they see not only Chicago, and not only themselves; they see pieces of the larger world in particularly vivid Chicago guises. That is why their plays have begun to emerge from Chicago to be performed in the larger world. Mamet's *American Buffalo*, set in a Chicago junk shop where he used to play poker, first produced by the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as best American play when it was produced on Broadway, and has recently opened at the National Theatre in London. Nor is Mr. Mamet the only Chicago playwright whose work has begun to reach a wider audience; at one point this spring, two Chicago plays, neither of them by Mamet, were running side by side at the Performing Garage in New York. And it is not generally known that *Grease* was originally set in a Chicago high school, long before John Travolta came into the picture.

I have been speaking of playwrights, but the fountainhead of Chicago's theatrical vitality is a theatre that has no playwrights at all. Or, from another point of view, a theatre in which all the performers are playwrights. Chicago must be the only city in America whose most significant theatrical institution is an improvisational theatre cabaret. The Second City and its predecessor The Compass are best known for their famous alumni: Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin, Joan Rivers, David Steinberg, Robert Klein, and all the rest. But these individuals have come and gone, while Second City has remained a model of theatrical functioning for each upcoming Chicago generation.

Its influence is largely that of its co-founder Paul Sills, who often talks as if he thinks that improvisational theatre could save the world. But Mr. Sills, too, has gone on to other things, leaving Second City in the hands of Bernard Sahlins, another co-founder. Mr. Sahlins is less high-minded than Mr. Sills. He is not interested in exploring the possibilities of improvisational theatre; he is interested in running a successful satirical cabaret.

The current Second City revue (the fifty-sixth!), directed by Mr. Sahlins, is entitled, with a nod to Mamet (who used to work there as a busboy), *Sexual Perversity Among the Buffalo*. As has been usual at Second City for many years, improvisation is mostly saved for a special set at the end of the evening; the sketches in the main show are very carefully routined. There is not much savage indignation in the current show (oddly enough, there seldom was at Second City), nor much attempt at deep or openly emotional understanding (there used to be some of that). Instead, there is a pervading sense of cheerful mischief. Within its limitations, however, *Sexual Perversity Among the Buffalo* is a wonderfully proficient piece of work: intelligent, shrewdly paced, consistent in quality (as revues seldom are) but not monotonous, and very funny. In the eighteen years since Second City began, Mr. Sahlins has really learned how to do satirical revue.

The performers (five men, two women; none with big names—yet) are young, good-looking, middle-class, evidently well educated. They look like their audience, only a little better dressed. Their concerns and their attitudes are the concerns and attitudes of their audience; that is why they attract capacity crowds night after night.

Chicagoans sometimes say that Second City nowadays is just for the tourists; but I wonder how many of my fellow tourists got the joke about Heather Bilandic.* As a tourist who had done some homework, reading Chicago newspapers and talking to Chicago friends, I enjoyed the show partly because it is so full of Chicago. It contains, among other things, the perfect Chicago blackout sketch. A woman is milking an imaginary cow, and bribing the fire inspector, who

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*The wife of Chicago's Mayor.

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says something like, "This barn looks perfectly fireproof to me, Mrs. O'Leary." Blackout. The sketch is entitled "Mirage," after a bar involved in the latest Chicago payoff scandal. It suggests, in a few brief seconds, that the whole history of Chicago is a history of corruption; in the laughter there is a note of rueful, paradoxical pride in Chicago's long-enduring crookedness. The whole show seems to come out of a sense of Chicagoan community: we're in this together, corruption and all.

David Mamet says that the most important thing that Chicago theatre people have picked up from Second City is "the idea that it's not hubris, but on the other hand it's just common sense, to create your own theatre, which means to create your own words, to create your own work." But sometimes influences are more tangible and direct. A young Chicagoan named Stuart Gordon formed the Organic Theatre Company in Madison, Wis. in 1969. Tired of being harassed by the Madison police, he was interested when Paul Sills said, "Why don't you move the theatre down to Chicago? They'll leave you alone here." Sills helped to find a space, and the Organic opened in Chicago in March 1970, with its own adaptation of George Orwell's *Animal Farm*.

Unlike some directors, Gordon wants his theatre to be fun, and is not ashamed to admit it. He puts on new works in various popular genres: a science-fiction trilogy, a pirate epic. He also staged *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* in 1974, before its author had become famous.

In 1976 the Organic mounted a play called *Cops* by Terry Curtis Fox. It is as tough and spare as its name: a somber naturalistic one-act, set in a crummy all-night Chicago diner. It ends in a burst of gunfire, suggesting that the great tradition of Chicago violence is not altogether a thing of the past. The Chicago of *Cops* has something in common with the ugly Chicago of Mamet's *American Buffalo*, even though *Cops* is about cops and *American Buffalo* is about would-be robbers.

After seeing it in Chicago, Richard Schechner staged *Cops* for his own company, the Performance Group, in New York. It held up well in Mr. Schechner's scrupulously detailed production, and while it was playing, the Organic's own production of a play called *Bleacher Bums*, directed by Mr. Gordon, moved in right next door. Suddenly there was a festival of Chicago theatre on Wooster Street in SoHo. I claim it as a portent.

Bleacher Bums is set in Wrigley Field, during a game between the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals. The characters are based on real people who actually do sit together in the right field bleachers: a couple of dedicated bettors; a creep who dribbles ice cream down his shirt; a busty sexpot who oils herself luxuriously against the sun; a blind kid who listens to the game on a portable radio. The actors spent days in the bleachers observing them.

The play seems at first to be simply a comic slice of life, with no structure except that provided by the game itself. The characters argue, socialize, bet, eat, drink—and root, root, root for the Cubs. Gradually, subtly, a plot becomes discernible, and builds to a rousing climax in which the quixotic idealism of the true fan is pitted against the mean-minded practicality of the mere gambler. *Bleacher Bums* is a love poem to sweaty Chicago, as sentimental and expansive as *Cops* is cynical and tight, a funny, touching, suspenseful, exhilarating, *joyful* play about the human need to be part of a group, to care about something—and why not the Chicago Cubs? It was "conceived" by Joe Mantegna, but it was developed, like a Second City revue, through improvisation in rehearsal. However, it is scarcely "Second City material"; nothing I have ever seen at Second City was so gracefully shaped, or sustained for so long.

Another recent Chicago hit, *Lunching* by Alan Gross, is a conventionally scripted play, but it feels much more like Second City material than *Bleacher Bums*. (Mr. Gross got part of his training at Second City, and acknowledges the influence.) It is a comedy, structured, like *Sexual Perversity*, in short scenes and concerned with the way youngish middle-class people behave. But none of Mamet's plays make very much comedy out of specific topical references to Chicago institutions and people. *Lunching* has its own Heather Bilandic joke.

The characters in *Lunching* are richer and glossier than those in *Sexual Perversity*. They live in a Chicago of fancy stores, offices, tennis clubs, expensive homes—a city worlds away from the variously plebeian Chicagos of *Bleacher Bums and Cops*. Its author has said *Lunching* is a play about people who would go . . . and see a play like *Lunching*.

In Chicago, Gross is often compared to Neil Simon, another dramatist who writes about the kind of people who come to see his plays. Gross does not approach Simon's mastery of the wisecrack, but neither does he ever bog down into Simonian sentimentality. And, like Simon but even more so, he is wonderfully good at brand names and buzz words. He knows everything about the places his characters frequent, the objects they use, the way they talk. And he knows how to turn what he knows into comedy.

But he and Simon share an important limitation: what they know about their characters is mainly what their characters know about themselves. They are writers good at surfaces, not so good on inner lives. In most Second City sketches, the question of inner life simply does not come up, but Gross is trying to write a serious comedy about post-1960s malaise—a malaise by no means confined to Chicago—and he can't quite bring it off. He knows that his characters feel unfulfilled, but since they don't know why, he doesn't know why.

Lunching has been hugely popular in Chicago, where all the Chicago references are instantly and joyfully recognizable. The play began at the Body Politic, the off-Loop theatre where *The Duck Variations* had been done in 1972—the first Chicago production of a Mamet play. It was directed by Mike Nussbaum, a locally famous actor who created the role of Teach in *American Buffalo*. It subsequently moved to the Drury Lane in Water Tower Place, a commercial house on fancy North Michigan Avenue that looks as if Marie Antoinette had commissioned an arena

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theatre in plastic rococo from the finest artisans in Miami Beach. There are plans to bring the play to New York; I wonder if it could survive the move.

There are other notable theatres in Chicago besides The Second City, the Organic and the Body Politic. The Victory Gardens has produced two plays by Bruce and Brian Hickey, *All I Want* and *Some Kind of Life*, set in a North Side slum not far from the theatre. The St. Nicholas Theatre Company—founded by none other than David Mamet—has staged the premières of several of his plays, including *The Water Engine* and *The Woods*. It has also produced a series of children's plays entitled *Captain Marbles and His Acting Squad*, about the adventures of an acting company much like the St. Nicholas: a fine example of the current Chicago practice of making theatre out of the life at hand.

The Goodman Theatre was for many years Chicago's substitute for a major resident professional theatre. It is still by all accounts not in the same class as, for instance, the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis or the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. (When I was in Chicago, the Goodman's main stage was occupied by an admirably polished production of *Otherwise Engaged* by the English playwright Simon Gray; even now, not everybody in Chicago does new Chicago plays all the time.) In 1974 the Goodman established Stage 2, for new and more or less experimental work; there Mamet's *American Buffalo* and *A Life in the Theatre* were introduced to the world.

As of the coming season, the new artistic director of the Goodman is Gregory Mosher, who has been running Stage 2 since its inception; he promises that from now on "there will be a lot more involvement with Chicago artists." His first main-stage production will be an adaptation of Richard Wright's *Native Son*. Meshach Taylor, Chicago's leading black actor, who played Nigger Jim in *Huckleberry Finn* at the Organic and was half the cast of *Sizwe Bansi Is Dead* at the Goodman's Stage 2, will play Bigger Thomas.

And there are still more Chicago theatres doing new work: the Dinglefest Theatre Company, the Free Street Theatre, the Wisdom Bridge Theatre, and who knows how many others. Most of the new Chicago theatre people seem to be in their early 30s; they have plenty of future. Not all of them, of course, will stay in Chicago forever. But perhaps not all of them will leave. And perhaps some who leave will come back. And perhaps newer, younger Chicago theatre artists will come along to join them. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Increasingly, and strikingly in *Annie Hall*, Woody Allen has been showing a concern for the emotional health of the people he knows—who, generally speaking, are politically sophisticated, creatively active members of the big-city middle class. These attractive, accomplished, rather young, rather well-off men and women are for the most part good at what they do but poor at knowing why they do it. In a word—and I apologize for being unable to supply one less polished by use—they suffer from anomie. Thus *Interiors*; written and directed by Woody Allen.

For quite a while in the viewing room I was troubled by the fact that, as I was moved from one handsome interior to another, I frequently lost my bearings. Then I realized that Allen meant me to do so, by way of suggesting what life is like inside the characters of his film. They all belong to one family: father (E.G. Marshall); mother (Geraldine Page); three daughters, Joey, Renata and Flyn (respectively, Marybeth Hurt, Diane Keaton and Kristin Griffith); Joey's lover (Sam Waterston); Renata's husband (Richard Jordan) and father's new wife (Maureen Stapleton). I think I am right that no other living figure appears on the screen: those eight are in it, together and alone.

And what they are in is a slowly revolving torture machine. Flyn is trying to get off the ground in Hollywood and appears but briefly; Joey's Mike is a reasonably well-put-together fellow who could get along happily enough if the others would let him. These two are idler wheels in the excruciating clockwork; the others are all active agents, working on themselves and especially working on one another to prove yet again that hell is other people.

They do it very well; by the end your eyes will ache from the attention you have paid them. Allen, as he has proved long before this, directs with a splendid feel for timing, juxtaposition and the camera's ability to pry out the truth behind words. *Interiors* is very specifically a film because of the means of its telling, though in fact it has little action and could without major adjustment be played on Chekhov's stage. The cast, as you will have noticed, is a brilliant one, and when a director sets E.G. Marshall opposite both Geraldine Page and Maureen Stapleton, he makes plain that brilliance is what he expects from the others.

Except for the two characters mentioned above and for Miss Stapleton's somewhat desperately extrovert vulgarian trespassing on aesthetes' turf, all of the principals are monsters—loving, unmeaning and guilt-ridden—but monsters nonetheless. Viewers will differ, no doubt, as to who does the most damage; my vote goes to father, who tempers selfishness with sentimentality to a degree that recalls the domestic ogres of Victorian fiction. However, it is pointless to pick a villain; everyone gives a spin to the machine and everyone suffers the consequence.

I don't want to analyze the components of this malign construction; the plot is a tight mesh of relationships and you cannot untangle them without utterly distorting them. Allen has done a bold thing: by segregating his group from all the trivialities and casual contacts that cushion life, he has produced an artificial but intensely vivid distillation of clashing sensibilities in a time of ambiguous moral authority. I respect him for it and applaud his success.

However, it is a qualified success. I mentioned Chekhov above, not entirely by chance, for Allen is in Chekhov country. And when you see that, problems arise. Allen does not write as well as he feels or directs, and *Interiors* is too explicit. Therefore, the ways his people bedevil one another come to seem mechanical, predictable. You feel like shaking them, and your sympathy chills. It is noticeable that the picture ends on an emollient cliché: catharsis—which requires a resolution, however pessimistic, of the human experience—is a philosophic triumph.

I would not raise such points if Woody Allen had not set himself so difficult and laudable a task, and I won't blame him for not being Chekhov. It is enough for now that he has given us one of the most relevant, serious and well-made films to come from an American source in years.

Susan Weinblatt (Melanie Mayron) is also an unmarried woman, but unlike the heroine of Paul Mazursky's plasticomedy, she is worth knowing. Directing *Girl Friends*, her first feature film, Claudia Weill has had the fruitful idea to record a few pivotal years in a young woman's life, not according to the values of d'Agostino/Conran or the imperatives of women's lib, but on the assumption that, if you approach it with respect, intuition and a sufficiency of humor, coming of age is a subject for narrative that will not let you down. The screenplay is by Vicki Polon, from a story she wrote with Ms. Weill.

The title of the picture may be a

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little misleading. Susan does have two girl friends—Anne (Anita Skinner), who would like very much to write, but can't, and marries nice, somewhat stuffy Martin (Bob Balaban) instead; and Ceil (Amy Wright) a white-faced limpet whose awful power is her uselessness. But the story does not focus on this sorority of unfulfillment; its single pole is Susan and in large part it is about her resolve not to let guilt or vulnerability prevent her from disengaging from these others.

Susan has, you might say, a good deal of moxie, but she is vulnerable on multiple grounds. She is not in any obvious sense beautiful; indeed, much of the time she is lumpish, and she knows it. On the other hand, when the spirit moves her she can be radiant, but of that she is less aware. Her craft is photography and we are to assume that she is good at it. But, notoriously, half the youth of America is trying to "find itself" through the lens of a Nikon, and Susan has no convincing reason to believe that she can break away from the wedding and bar mitzvah "dates" provided by Rabbi Gold (Eli Wallach). Finally, Susan needs, as who does not, to love someone. She narrowly escapes the quite desperate idea that Rabbi Gold may be the answer, and when we take leave of her she is more or less living with an impossibly moody painter (Christopher Guest), an affair that looks promising if only he can grow up fast enough to keep pace with her. By then, she has had a show and the gallery owner (Viveca Lindfors) has chided her for an outburst of petulance by saying, "Come on, you're a professional now!" It was what she had been waiting a long time to hear.

None of this, I fear, gives much notion of the force and charm of *Girl Friends*. Its point is less its story than the chance it gives one to get to know Susan, a young woman who powerfully grows on one. And the fact that she does is a tribute to both the director and the star. I did not see *Harry & Tonto* in which Ms. Mayron played a hitchhiker traveling with Art Carney, but I remember her well as the cashier in *Carwash*. However, that was a bit part, and in *Girl Friends* she carries the picture. It is subtle work, for the trick is to move from the stereotype to the particular, to transform a brash New York girl on the make into an admirable and deeply appealing woman. She does it with an absence of fuss that, in Ms. Lindfors's line, is indeed "professional."

A peculiarity of the supporting company is the fact that the importance of the roles is roughly inverse to the celebrity of the actors who perform them. Wallach, Lindfors and Balaban are well known; Mayron, Skinner and Guest are much less so, but these latter have responded to Ms. Weill with performances of unrestrained candor. Meanwhile, they are supported by more established actors who take evident pleasure in the success of the venture. *Girl Friends* is honest, witty, unpretentious and serious. Like its heroine, it has brains. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

A funny thing happened to me at the Whitney Museum of American Art: I saw an exhibition. The exhibitions there seem designed to prove that art can be fun. This summer we have seen Saul Steinberg, the Andrew Wyeth of *Partisan Review* readers, and H.C. Westerman, a serious sculptor but one who uses humor as a format. In addition, Calder's circus has been moved from the basement to the foyer. The latest exhibition, "All About Art" (until September 29), as it investigates artists' quotations from other artists, mixes the reverberation of great themes with a barrage of gags.

To my knowledge, this is the second show on the subject this year. The first, "Artists Look at Art," was at the Helen Foresman Spencer Museum of Art at the University of Kansas in Lawrence. Why this curiosity about art's internal references? The iconographical studies of the Warburg Institute, as they entered art history between the wars, sharpened everybody's ability to read and connect works of art. André Malraux's *The Voices of Silence* (English edition 1951) is also a probable influence: it popularized the notion that all art begins in art (young artists start from older artists, and so on). More recently Pop art was important: works of art were within the broad spectrum of pre-existing signs that the artists used. Several Photo-realists who in this respect can be considered post-Pop, notably Malcolm Morley, have used existing works of art as well as photographs.

In the hands of its originators quotation and allusion are part of the web of significations that is the subject of Pop art. For instance Jasper Johns told Joseph E. Young: "The 'Mona Lisa' painting is one of my favorite paintings, and Da Vinci is one of my favorite artists. Duchamp is also one of my favorite artists, and he painted a mustache on a reproduction of the 'Mona Lisa.'" Hence the image of the "Mona Lisa" in two of Johns's lithographs of 1969 (one is in the show at the Whitney) refers to both artists. And of course Leonardo's picture has collected a good deal of folklore, with such readings as Walter Pater's of its subject as the eternal feminine and Freud's of her as a young mother. Matters may not always be that clear, as with Robert Rauschenberg's use of paintings by Rubens and Velázquez in his silk-screen paintings. Both represent Venus from the back, with Cupid holding a mirror for her and the pictures recur, overlaid and fragmented, in several paintings. They are the sole allusions to art, or to feminine and mythological values in the paintings and as such are exceptionally evocative.

The artists in the show for whom quotation is central are George Deem, Roy Lichtenstein, Morley, Larry Rivers and Tom Wesselman, as well as John Clem Clarke, Robert Colescott, Richard Pettibone and Mel Ramos. The exhibition is conceived in sections according to source: old masters, modern masters (starting oddly with Ingres), early American and recent American art. There is also a section of questionable relevance called "About the Artist," which consists of images of brushes, paints, palettes, brush strokes, stretchers and studio walls. The constituent materials of art, its tools and procedures, do not fit with the rest of the show.

The show is accompanied by a book, *Art About Art* (E.P. Dutton, $6.95 paper)—or I should say a nonbook. The text by Jean Lipman and Richard Marshall who arranged the exhibition is

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mainly in the form of extended captions. Here is a sample: "The mythological theme of the Judgment of Paris has been a favorite subject of painters and sculptors for centuries. Cranach, Rubens, Boucher and Renoir have all depicted the three undressed figures parading before the judging Paris. John Clem Clarke's composition follows the Rubens version closely, but his controlled spray technique and comic updating of the scene totally alters the mood." To my eye Clarke does not follow the Rubens "closely," but the real complaint is that the prose is stodgy and the observations are unilluminating. In the sharpest contrast is the introduction by Leo Steinberg, brought in so that we should have something to read. His essay deals with arcane and fresh cases of quotation from the 16th to the 19th centuries, as well as reflections on the use artists make of one another's art.

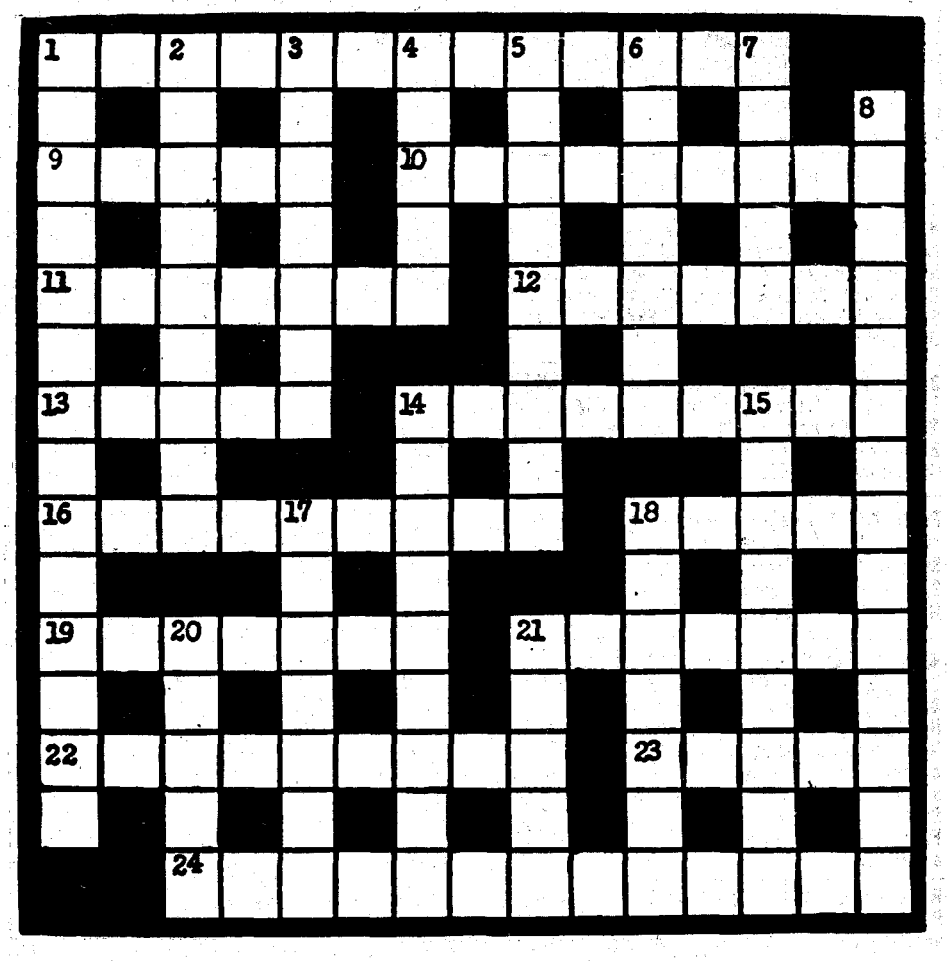
Quotation has many uses. It can be the acknowledgment of a tradition common to both the precursor and the later artist. In that case it implies a nonhistorical relationship in which a theme is worked on "timelessly," with priority and variation held in suspense. Or it can take the form of revision, in which the image-donor is corrected by the recipient. Then the sense is didactic and possibly competitive. The annexations of Johns and Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein and Wesselman, Morley and Deem seem fundamental to their thought.

Aside from iconography and artist-to-artist contact, quotation can also be used for parody. The role of the gag in art is not large and it will not be extended by the examples in this show (or in the longer book). Mel Ramos re-enacts old master nudes, such as "Manet's Olympia" in a *Playboy* style, to produce museum centerfolds. Peter Saul reworks classic figure compositions for locker room caricature, and Robert Colescott redoes them in black face. All are gross. Richard Pettibone paints miniatures of Abstract and Pop art, the same size as the reproductions from which he copies. The contact situation becomes pretty trivial at this point, unless you plan to update a doll's house.

After the present show the Whitney will continue as a fun house with the Mouse Museum and the Ray Gun Wing by Claes Oldenburg. This is a collection of Americana—some objects shown straight, others interpreted by the artist—and small sketches for Oldenburg's sculpture. I remember the Mouse Museum from the Documenta exhibition in 1972. It is a wildly funny array of souvenirs, tools, toys, clothes, fake food, ashtrays, a Walt Whitmanesque embrace of the objects from gift shops in arcades and drugstores near railroad stations. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1737

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Concerning the essentials, with supplies of what official listings could be. (13)
9 A thousand, as they say, in the piano? (5)
10 The Land of Hope? (9)
11 An optical examination might reveal current change. (7)
12 Tom, in France, with one of the things he might drink at a fancy place there. (7)
13 Assists a wager's being placed here. (5)
14 A mute is out of place in a big party in the country. (9)
16 In wild animals, broken rest could be 5. (9)
18 Traditionally, you have luck in this race. (5)
19 DuMaurier's wasn't the well-connected one. (7)
21 They're possibly visiting those who control squares. (7)
22 Fitness to live? A number of Romans have the capacity. (9)
23 A foreign word to make an appropriate phrase. (5)
24 Not in any demonstrable way, yet I call to her out of it. (13)

DOWN

1 The majority of tennis players can make such a stroke, and your car almost certainly has it. (5-4,5)
2 Wrestlers, to sports reporters. (9)
3 Takes advantage of what the cow chews up, and looks around it. (7)
4 Countrified. (5)
5 How to produce *Tosca,* but not a very faithful representation. (9)
6 To rant more than the next man is an awful thing! (7)
7 Because it's a transgression with the Church of England? (5)
8 An unpretentious story, probably concerning animals, plants, etc. (7,7)
14 Rereading, rereading! That's what makes a soldier! (9)
15 Clay, by another name, according to the intellect, is nutritive. (9)
17 What one might do, in lying. (7)
18 Such an unusual claim is made by a type of religion. (7)
20 A snake goes a little way to talk pretty big! (5)
21 Weep over a small quantity of something like milk? Is any body here? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 1736

ACROSS: 1 Treats; 4 Machetes; 10 Elevate; 11 Numbers; 12 Angus; 14 Rhone; 15 Inset; 17 Visiting; 21 Retailer; 23 Error; 26 Ocala; 29 Album; 30 Katydid; 31 Recital; 32 Encloses; 33 Passes. DOWN: 1 and 7 The Man in the Moon; 2 Emerges; 3, 13, 28, 19, 25 and 20 That's the way the cookie crumbles; 5 Annie; 6 Humor; 8 Sussex; 9 Festival; 16 Tea; 18 Sprayers; 22 Elastic; 24 Rebates; 27 Audio; 28 Wedge; 29 Accra.

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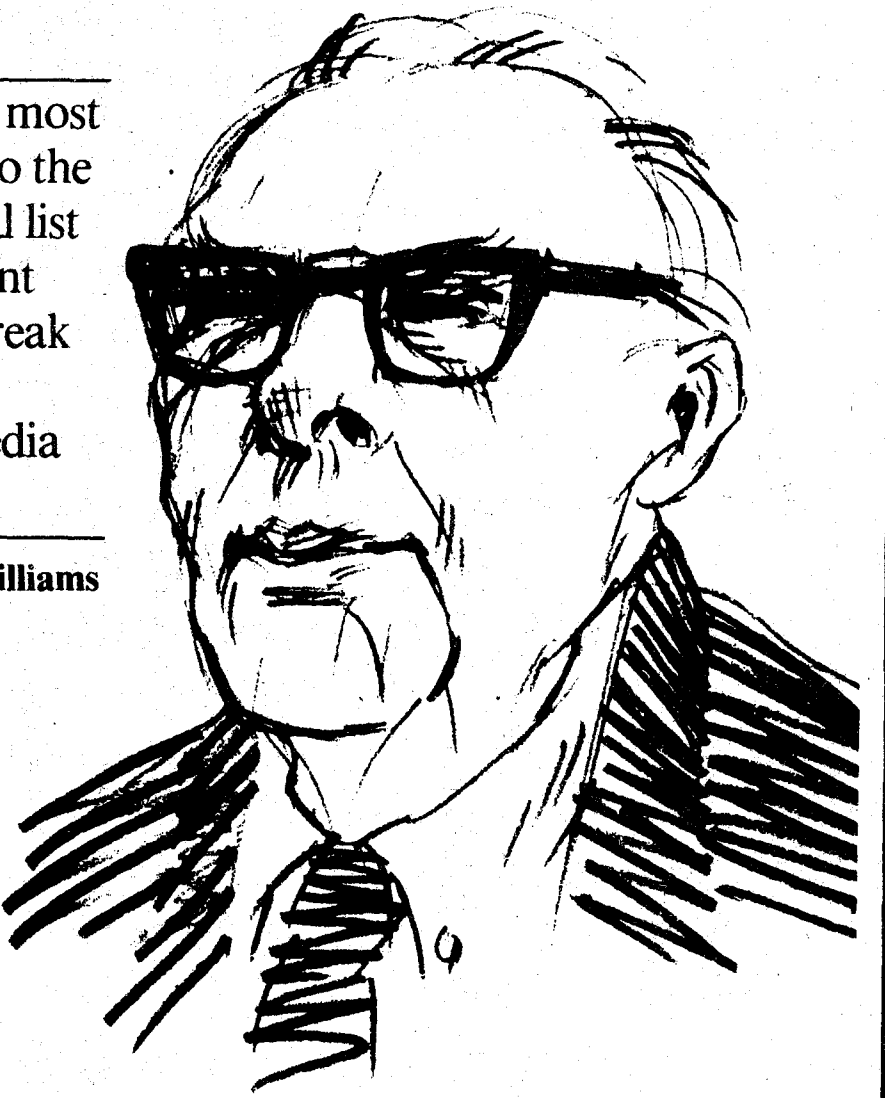

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